

LIBRARY
COPYRIGHT
JUN 26 1886
CITY OF WASHINGTON
4702 R

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

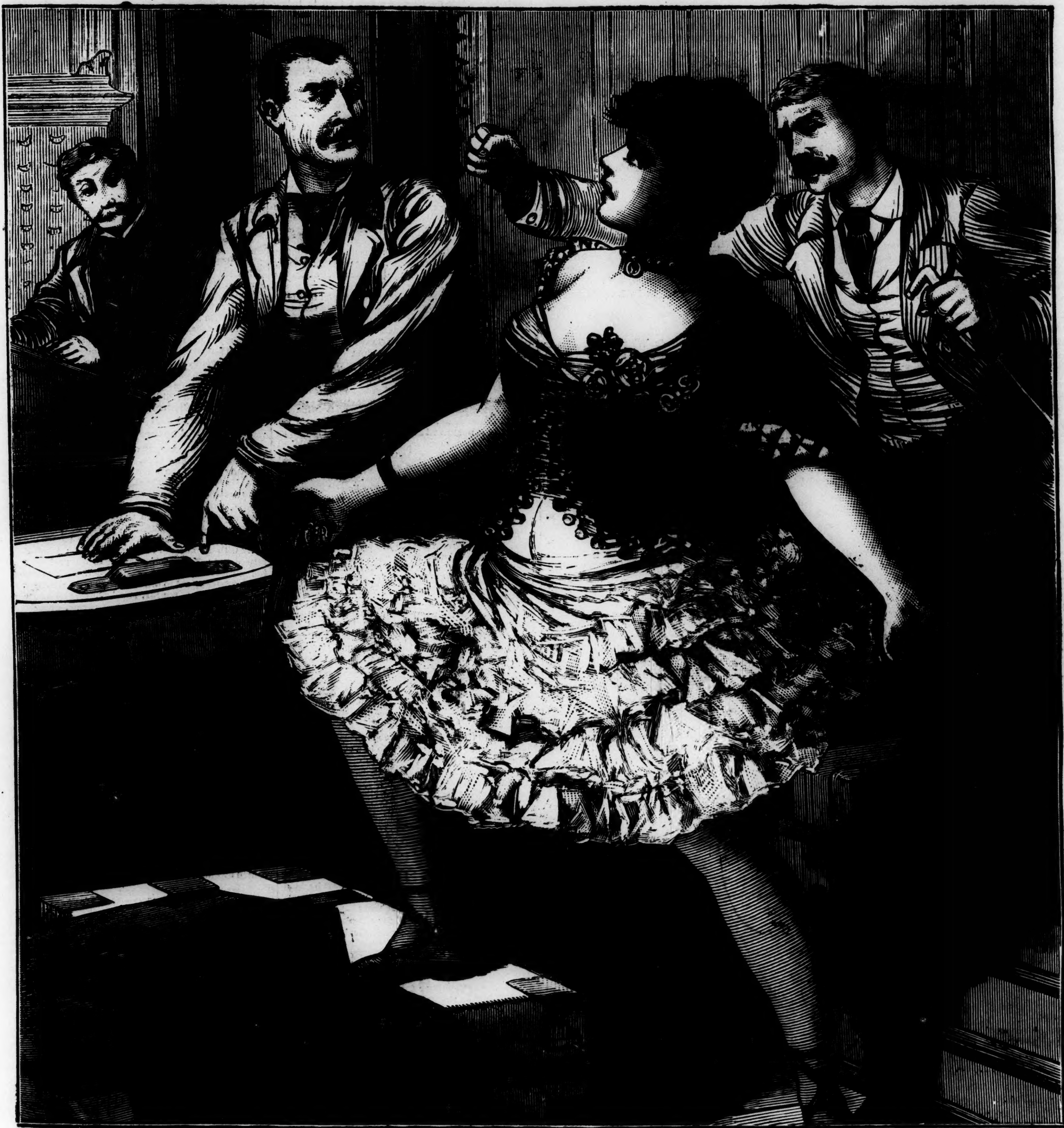
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

Copyrighted for 1886, by RICHARD K. FOX PROPRIETOR POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE, Franklin Square, New York.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1886.

VOLUME XLVIII—No. 459.
Price Ten Cents.



SHE WOULDN'T PAY FOR THE BATH.

A STUBBORN AMERICAN OPERA CORYPHEE CAUSES A GREAT COMMOTION AT THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL, IN CINCINNATI.



RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1886.

IMPORTANT.

The publisher will consider it a personal favor if any reader of the POLICE GAZETTE will forward him the name and address of any newsdealer or subscription agent who is not selling this paper. Sample copies and advertising matter sent free on receipt of postal card. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

ONE VICTORY FOR COMMON SENSE.

Jem Kendrick and Bill Goode, the two well-known British pugilists, were recently arrested in England by an Inspector of Police and tried for prize fighting. The Inspector broke into the room where they were and found them stripped to the waist, with gloves on, and Goode very much exhausted. In the general confusion which followed the raid, some one dropped the articles of agreement which were found by the Inspector, stating that £5 a side had been deposited for the men to fight a fair stand-up fight under the Marquis of Queensberry rules. The Inspector likewise found a sponge, ice, towels and resin. There was also a referee. It speaks volumes for the legal lore of the English police that the Inspector also charged a breach of the law: that the Marquis of Queensberry rules provided that the ring should be twenty-four feet square, whereas the ring of Kendrick and Goode was only fourteen feet.

On the other hand, a gentleman who was present testified that the contest lasted about three-quarters of an hour, and that neither man was hurt more than would have been the case in an ordinary boxing match. The counsel for the defense contended that boxing with gloves was quite as lawful as playing football or cricket, and much less dangerous, for men had been killed by a blow of a cricket ball. The prisoners had used well-stuffed gloves only, and had not hit each other with the palm of the hand or done anything unfair.

The Judge, Sir William Hardman, who seems to have been a wise man as well as soft one in his view of pugilism, decided that a failure to observe the Marquis of Queensberry rule of a 24-foot ring was not a violation of the law of the land, and the jury settled the case entirely by bringing in a verdict of not guilty.

The English newspapers, which are quite as tired as the American of the rot talked about "barbarism" and brutality in connection with boxing matches, very justly hail the verdict of the jury which thus acquitted Bill Goode and Jem Kendrick as a marked triumph of common sense.

Some time ago Richard K. Fox, as it will be remembered, came to the conclusion that something ought to be done on this side of the Atlantic to vindicate the cause of manly and wholesome sport against the loud-mouthed ravings of windy cranks, caused a test-case to be presented to that admirable and straightforward Judge, Justice Barrett of the Supreme Court. The case in question, as nobody will be likely to forget, was the Sullivan-Greenfield match.

Richard K. Fox took the ground boldly and clearly that a glove contest such as that in which Sullivan and Greenfield were engaged could in no sense be called a prize-fight, and was, therefore, beyond the jurisdiction of the Court. He proved that the men did not contend violently or brutally, and that the match was simply to demonstrate the superior skill, activity and generalship of one of the contestants.

As everybody remembers, his Honor peremptorily decided in favor of Richard K. Fox, and affirmed the points which he had raised. What has been the consequence of the latter's triumph? Why, naturally, a reflected victory for honest and manly sport. Nowadays a properly conducted boxing match, regulated by the law, is just as innocent and legal an entertainment at the theatre or the circus. The police hesitate to interfere unless there is an evident breach of the peace, and that is something which seldom, if ever, occurs.

Recently we noted the fact that through the machinations of "Sam" Jones, the authorities of Chicago had shut down on boxing matches.

Now that an English judge and jury have, on the other side of the ocean, repeated the decision of Judge Barrett, the POLICE GAZETTE suggests to its Chicago friends that some of them should give the Supreme Bench of the State of Illinois a good and early chance to square itself with the general record.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Ten weeks is the limit of Joseph Jefferson's next season.

J. C. Murphy is managing the variety theatre in Terre Haute, Ind.

Eph. Forepaugh is in Europe, in charge of the elephants with Hengler's circus.

Since the marriage of Annie Hindle to her maid the question arises, "Is she he?"

Gus Williams, the German comedian, was years ago a clown with Thayer & Noyes' circus.

Indianapolis Elks are contemplating a reunion of the Order in that city some time in August.

The circus season is the boss time for "chestnuts," and my, how a circus clown can throw 'em.

Joe Lang remains in Chicago, and belongs to the army of unemployed professionals now in that city.

"The Crowing Hen," McCaull's latest comic opera success, is crowding Wallack's theatre every night.

It is reported that Mike Leavitt forgot (?) to pay the salaries of his Hot Water Company before he left for Europe.

Gustave Mortimer is to manage Louis James' starring tour. Frank Farrell's poor health has brought about this change.

Mr. and Mrs. George Knight are way out in Nebraska, and, it is said, are doing pretty poorly for the distance they are away.

It is very probable that Mr. Tony Hart will be a member of a stock company in New York next season, since he has failed as a star.

Raymond Holmes claims no actors are to be engaged at the Soldiers' Home, Dayton, this season, unless they are proficient in baseball.

Robert Newcomb and his four children do not get any more salary than he used to earn alone. Times are not what they "used to was."

Salvini is worth \$600,000. He made \$250,000 of his fortune in this country and lives in the most economical manner at his Italian home.

Actors on the Rialto in New York who ate reed birds and drank wine last summer are contented this year with beer and cheese sandwiches.

Hoyt's "Tin Soldier" is now in its third month's run at the Standard, New York, with George Boniface, Jr., as the Plumber, and business very large.

Miss Mary Anderson is to be painted by Alma Tadema as Salammbo at the Barbarian feast. Mary can make a very fine salam when she sets her mind to it.

Thatcher, Primrose & West's Minstrels broke a contract they made to play at the Court Street theatre, Buffalo, and the courts say they must pay Manager Hill \$600 for the fun.

The opening of offices in New York by the "out-of-town managers" is quite an improvement on the old-time "curbstone" business. Very few can be found around Union Square now.

George Turner, the minstrel who was shot recently by a Chicago gambler, is recovering, and will be Paul Allen's partner for next season. This does away with the old team of Lester and Allen.

Joe Mack will manage Robert Downing next season in "The Gladiator," which will have a spectacular production. C. W. Vance, of this city, will manage the stage, and if any one "kin, he kin."

Sims Reeves, the English tenor, is a living proof of the fact that public singing is healthy. He has been warbling like a mavis for over half a century, but now he begins to feel like taking a rest.

Mr. Ben Sterne manages the Fanlons' Fantasma Company next season. A number of new features will be added to this already attractive pantomime. The next tour begins September 13th in Montreal.

Roland Reed has made a decided hit in the "Bridal Trap" at the Bijou Opera House, and is now an established Metropolitan favorite. He appears at the Boston Museum in "Humbug" some time in August.

The new manager of English's Opera House, Indianapolis, has already got himself in deep water in consequence of changes in the terms of a number of the combinations already booked for next season by Manager English.

A variety team advertises in a Chicago paper that they have a new act. This will be good news to managers who have been paying them salaries for going on the stage, tearing holes in pieces of white paper and calling it an act.

The show business has now got down to such a point that the luxury of big salaries is enjoyed by very few people, and the large majority do not earn enough in the winter months to keep them through the summer, as used to be the case.

I have seen in the play
A fair actress betray
That her calves were what nature's not wot
To expend on one girl;
For in dancing they'd whirl
In a fantastic way to the front.

"Aunt" Louise Eldridge threw up her engagement at the Madison Square, owing to a tiff which occurred between Richard Mansfield and herself during a recent performance of "Prince Karl." Mrs. Eldridge had observed to one of the company that Mr. Mansfield had a big head, and, as a matter of course, this was carried to him, and he then asked the lady if she had made that statement. He was bluntly told that in her opinion his head had swelled considerably, and that she intended to leave.

The show people have commenced to gather at Mount Clemens, Mich. Among those already there are Charles W. Young, Gus Williams, J. J. Dowling, Sadie Hasson, Charles and Gertrude Seama, W. C. Cameron and wife, Otis Shattuck and wife, Harry Leavitt and wife, Charles Frey, Harry Steele, Charles Jerome and wife, Murray and Murphy, Chas. Mason and De Witt Cook. Joe Dowling is now the proud owner of the handsomest piece of property in that city, and young Seaman and Cameron each own nice little houses.

HERALD WINS.

The New "Police Gazette" Champion Quiets the Fistic Aspirations of Mike Conley With a Single Blow.

HIS SMASHING UPPER CUT.

It Does the Business With Extraordinary Promptness and Dispatch.

[Subject of Illustration.]

We have witnessed many a glove contest and fistic encounter in this city, and witnessed Sullivan, Elliott and Cleary send their opponents to sleep at short notice, but of all the decisive encounters we have ever witnessed was the glove encounter between Frank Herald, of Nicetown, Pa., and M. C. Conley, of Ithaca, N. Y., which was decided at the Germania Assembly Rooms, N. Y., on June 21. There had been so much written about Conley, who is styled the Ithaca giant, and his backer had time and again offered to match him to fight any man in America bar Sullivan, and backed up the challenge with \$100 forfeit, that many supposed he was a man bound to win laurels in the fistic arena. Conley stands 6 feet 1 inch in height, weighs 265 pounds, and as far as appearance was concerned, one would look upon him as a worthy candidate for the championship of the world. Conley had been specially trained for the ring; he was no novice, for he was not only a boxer, but had great prestige in Western New York as a rough-and-tumble fighter.

E. F. Mallahan had a champion, Frank Herald, of Nicetown, Pa., who had sprung into fame at one jump by knocking out several boxers and made his name famous by putting Jim Cannon (the heavy weight champion of the coal regions) to sleep in 23 seconds. Mallahan had offered to match Herald against Jack Burke, Charley Mitchell, Dominick McCaffrey, or any man in America, and on learning that J. D. Hayes, of the City Hotel, Ithaca, was ready to match Conley to meet all comers, accepted the challenge. The backers of Herald and Conley, with Prof. Mike Donovan, met at the POLICE GAZETTE office, when a match was arranged for Herald and Conley to box eight rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, on June 21, in New York city, the winner to take 65 and the loser 35 per cent. of the gate receipts. After the match was made the contest was the topic of conversation among sporting circles. Herald had never, to use the vernacular, put up his hands in New York.

Herald had a few staunch admirers, one of them the Hon. Thomas Ryan of Philadelphia. George C. Brotherton, City Commissioner Wm. Douglas of Philadelphia, Richard K. Fox and a host of others who pinned their faith in what the POLICE GAZETTE had time and again said about him. On the night of the contest Germania Assembly Rooms was packed.

After a series of boxing bouts and a long wait, Herald, followed by Mallahan and Bob Smith, mounted the raised platform and stepped into the 13-foot ring. He was greeted with tremendous cheers, it being his debut in front of a New York audience. Herald sat down in the northwest corner, and appeared as cool as an iceberg in midsummer. He stated that he weighed 182 pounds. After a long wait Conley, a perfect Ajax in stature, entered the ring, and his powerful muscular form was scanned by critical eyes. "Why," said a good judge, "he will do the 'Police Gazette' champion in one round." Another said: "Why it is an elephant going against a monkey." Conley occupied the northeast corner and met with a big reception because he had the sympathy of the crowd, principally because Prof. Mike Donovan, James Coburn and the talent were backing him. There was quite a delay in securing a referee. William E. Harding refused to accept the position, James Wakeley was absent, and finally Fortun-ate Jere Dunn was chosen. Frank Moran of Bridgeport, Conn., and Billy Madden were chosen timekeepers, and no time was lost in arranging the preliminaries. Bob Smith and E. F. Mallahan seconded Herald, while Prof. Mike Donovan and a friend seconded Conley. Steve O'Donnell, the master of ceremonies, announced, with a wink, that the men would box scientifically. The gloves John L. Sullivan and John Flood fought with were then handed to the principals, all was ready, and the referee called time. Amid the most intense excitement the men faced each other. Conley's muscular form was a great contrast to the well-knit, lithe form of Herald, and one not being posted on ring men would at once come to the conclusion that Conley would win in a gallop.

ROUND 1—On the men facing each other Herald led with his left and landed it straight as a line on Conley's mark, and the Nicetown cracker's ponderous fist fairly deuted the giant's massive virtual department. Conley countered, but missed, and Herald landed a terrific blow on the giant's right eye, which quickly bulged and displayed a black crease. Conley rushed at Herald, head down, and clinched and saved his facial organ from being decorated. Dunn ordered the men to break, and then they again met. Conley rushed in, head down, and Herald uppercut him right and left until the giant was knocked silly, but he held on to Herald to prevent him from punishing him. Again they clinched, Conley grabbing Herald by the hips to avoid being settled. Cries of foul were raised, and Herald continued driving at Conley's head until he began to stagger, and then with the most tremendous right-hand upper-cut ever given, Herald's powerful fist landed on the point of Conley's left jaw. He raised both hands, his eyes rolled, and the six feet of humanity, weighing over 200 pounds, fell with a tremendous thud on the stage and he lay like an Atlas at rest. The timekeepers watched the second-hand of their watches until the ten seconds had expired. Conley still lay sleeping in balmy repose, dreaming of "Police Gazette" diamond champion belts and pent up Ithaca, when Jere Dunn walked to the front of the ring and declared Herald the winner. Charley Mitchell was present, having just arrived from Chicago to train for Sullivan, and he was a very interested observer.

After Conley had come to he was lifted to his chair. His neck and jaw was bruised, while his damaged eye had joined the Early Closing Association. It was some time after the referee's fiat that he knew the lights were still burning, and he could not tell whether he had been struck with a cannon ball or a club. Mallahan walked to the front of the ring, and coolly announced that he would match Frank Herald to meet John L. Sullivan or any man in America for \$1,000 or \$2,500 a side.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

A Fighting Woman Horse-Thief.

Salome Whitman, the woman horse-thief of Lancaster, Pa., has again come to grief. She was released from a term for horse stealing only a few months ago, Scalesy Smith, a notorious mountaineer, escorting her from prison and marrying her. Some time ago Scalesy was locked up for larceny and Salome, who is young and pretty, was brought to Lancaster and committed to the county prison. At the hearing before a country magistrate she struck one of the witnesses in the face and had to be thrown down before she could be got under control. On the way to Lancaster she made an unsuccessful attempt to escape from the officer.

Tar and Feathers.

An exciting tar-and-feather affair occurred at Rushville, in West Nebraska, recently, a man named Iken, lawyer and land agent, being the victim. Iken had made himself disliked by a large number of settlers by getting in their confidence and then contesting their claims by means of information thus surreptitiously obtained. A number of the victims took him from his office, stripped him and applied a coat of tar and feathers, forcing him at the point of revolvers to assist in decorating himself. He was then marched through the streets to drums, which headed the procession. Finally he was ordered to leave the country, and proceeded to do so as soon as he had got the tar and feathers off.

The Professor's Horse.

Prof. Tufts, of Phillips (Exeter, N. H.) Academy, has accused the students of having locked a horse in his bedroom. Each young man pleaded innocence and personally condoned with the professor and stamped the affair as dastardly. After the morning recitations the professor said:

"Some time during the night some of those young men went to my stable, and taking my best horse took the animal into the academy, out into the dormitory and up two flights of stairs into my sleeping room, where I found it this morning. How they managed to get the animal there I am at a loss to see."

It took three laborers over half an hour to get the animal down, while all the youths in the village stood around and cheered themselves hoarse.

An Exciting Rescue from the Surf.

At noon, June 16 while a number of ladies from the Mercer Memorial Home were bathing in the surf near Michigan avenue two of them were carried away by the current. Their calls for aid brought Frank Marshall, of the Shelburne House, and John Daggle, who with difficulty managed to keep them up until J. D. Smith, arrived with a life-line. By this time a crowd had collected and as soon as the brave rescuers had taken hold of the rope the crowd on the beach a head the shore end and pulled on it so violently that it parted. The heavy current carried the ladies further out, but fortunately Smith again reached them with the life-line, and they were safely landed. The men were much exhausted and both ladies were unconscious. The usual means for resuscitation were applied and were successful.

Another Crank.

Arthur Miller, a young farmer living five miles southeast of Westerville, O., committed suicide by shooting himself the other night at the residence of Mrs. N. S. Vincent, about three miles south. The young man has been a devoted admirer of Miss Carrie Vincent, but it appears that she did not reciprocate his love and this weighed so upon his mind that he became desperate. Thursday evening he called at the Vincent home and the early hours were passed pleasantly with members of the family. When the family retired and left the young couple in the parlor nothing unusual was noticed about Miller. It is probable that he determined to bring matters to a crisis by asking for her hand, but this she declined, and made it positive. Miller, without further parley, pulled his revolver and shot himself just back of the ear, the bullet piercing the brain. He was a young man of irreproachable character and about twenty-two years of age.

A Transparent Disguise.

A daring attempt was made to rob Scott's bank at Palmerston, Ontario, Canada, on the morning of June 9th. By a ruse J. W. Scott, proprietor, was got rid of, and about eleven o'clock a person closely veiled and dressed in woman's clothes went into the office and wished to deposit \$2,000. Teller Bert Boomer showed his customer to a seat in the private office until he got through with other customers. When he returned to the veiled one he was asked to lock the door until the deposit was made. As the customer appeared very nervous Boomer complied with the request, and on returning to the private office the party displayed a large knife and ordered him into the washroom. Boomer refused to go and a struggle ensued, the teller getting badly cut and otherwise injured. Finally he overcame the robber, took the knife from him and on stripping the veil, from his face found himself confronted by one Ben Riggs, a resident of the town. Riggs was arrested.

They Turned On the Hose.

Arthur Higgins, a prominent young man of Waterford, Pa., recently brought a bride from Louisville, Ky. She came of good family and is a frail little creature, but pretty and attractive. A few days ago two well-known citizens caught Higgins in the act of brutally beating his bride for no other reason than breaking a plate. They reported the case to the Eagle Hose Company, of which organization Higgins was a member. About 6 o'clock on the same evening a false alarm of fire startled the village and young Higgins hastened to the scene. He was quickly seized by three of the men, while others secured a crockery crate, under which Higgins was placed. A swift stream of water was then turned on the victim and a crowd of five hundred men and women witnessed the sport. After Higgins had been nearly drowned he was released and sneaked to his home. The firemen then publicly expelled him from the department. Later in the evening he was expelled in disgrace from the United Workmen and the Town Club. His father is a well-known merchant of the village and the young man clerked in the store. He was notified to leave town. Prominent ladies have raised a subscription to send Mrs. Higgins to the home of her parents in Louisville. There is great indignation throughout the town and the brutal husband is denounced.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Hannah Neilson.

A few days since one Hannah Neilson, a young woman of seventeen, passed through Corry, Pa., from Jamestown, N. Y. She presented her check and received her trunk from the baggage-master, since which nothing has been seen or heard of her, although officers have been on a diligent search for her ever since. She has been employed as a domestic in the family of Mr. George Fenton, of Jamestown, N. Y. During the past few weeks Mr. Fenton claims she has stolen household goods and silverware to the amount of \$75. Her photograph hangs in the rogues' gallery at Buffalo, with the legend, "An expert thief and burglar," a copy of which appears at the head of this column. She has only lately been discharged from serving a two years' term in Auburn Prison for burglary.

Sophie Eyre's Wedded Life.

The joint world of dudedom and the drama is excited by the news from San Francisco that Sophie Eyre, the leading actress of Wallack's company, has been sued there for divorce by her new husband.

Chauncey R. Winslow was considered a very unimpressible young man by all who met him in this city. He is one of the sons of A. A. Winslow, vice-president of the First National Bank of Cincinnati, and among his friends was known as a get-together thoroughbred. He is not much over thirty, a faultless dresser, a devotee of the theatre, and a rapid fellow generally. In Cincinnati he moved in the first society and was well thought of. His father a few years ago helped to establish him in the rubber business in San Francisco, and in that city the young man soon became commercially successful and socially popular.

Late in 1883 or early in 1884 young Winslow took a European trip for business purposes. He returned about May of the latter year. On the steamer he met for the first time the actress known to the English stage as Sophie Eyre, and he fell in love with her, as he once admitted, at first sight. She was a handsome, deep-chested woman with a beautiful eye, well-marked features, and a generous English foot. She was coming over, as she thought, to play the leading lady's roles in Lester Wallack's company. Arthur Wallack having engaged her in London after he had seen her act at one of the leading theatres there. It is said that Miss Eyre did not immediately respond to young Winslow's affection. There was fair reason for this indifference. She was already a widow, and her first matrimonial venture had brought her only unhappiness. Not many months ago she told the writer that her correct name was Sophia Ryan, and that she came into the world in that famous little town of Tipperary, Ireland, where her father, an army officer, was garrisoned. Probably that was dangerously near to thirty years ago, for the actress is mature in her bearing, though her conversation is delightfully unconventional and sympathetic.

It is not difficult to imagine that, as a girl, she must have been the pride of Tipperary, and a friend who knew her then says half of the garrison were wild about her. She took to amateur theatricals very naturally, and played all sorts of heroines in the quiet little performances given by the officers of the Tipperary barracks. Young as she was, she was quite successful, and she soon held court over many bright uniforms. Capt. Lonsdale, a middle-aged Englishman of a swell family wore one of these uniforms, and Sophia Ryan by and by fell in love with him, as he had long before that with her. Their romance flourished and they were married, while the entire barracks wished them happiness. Yet it did not come to them for long, for Capt. Lonsdale was soon ordered to India. He took his wife with him, and there were no more private theatricals at the barracks. In India she was his faithful companion for four or five years—in fact, until he died, when she stood at his side and closed his eyes.

At once she returned to England, not to find consolation in the sympathy of her husband's family (for they had from the first considered Capt. Lonsdale's union a *mesalliance*) but to seek her own living as best she could. Her early amateur training then became useful to her, for she quickly planned to go upon the professional stage. She went through the usual difficulties and began, as most English actresses do, by getting a chance in the provinces. In emotional roles she was at once highly praised, and in due time she secured London notice. In the big city she was comparatively a new comer when Arthur Wallack engaged her for his father's theatre, the understanding being that she was to replace Rose Coghlan when that actress started on her stellar tour. It was thus that Miss Eyre and Chauncey R. Winslow met on the America bound steamer. When the actress reached the city the place

she had counted upon was not quite ready for her, Miss Coghlan not having quit the Wallack company. She was under a good salary, however, and Lester Wallack paid it regularly, even though she was not acting. Shortly he sent out a road company to play Robert Buchanan's version of "Le Matre des Forges," that popular drama by Georges Ohnet, which was being done in a half dozen various versions about that time, and as *Lady Carr* Miss Eyre faced an American audience for the first time in Utica on June 23, 1884.

The company traveled on until they reached San Francisco, and there Winslow renewed his suit. He was encouraged, and when Miss Eyre returned East he came with her. They reached New York about Jan. 1, 1885, and nine days later they were married, it is generally believed in Boston, though at the time she had apartments at the Victoria Hotel in this city. There were two good reasons why the union did not become publicly known until a month or so later. First of all, Mr. Winslow had taken the step without the knowledge or approval of his family; and second, Wallack's astute manager, Charles Frohman, aided in keeping the affair quiet, as most managers do when an attractive leading lady weds, for it means a loss of money to them when matrimony sets its prosaic seal on an actress. But it came out four or five weeks later, and Miss Eyre did not deny it. She said she was happy, and Winslow was the typical young husband for a few months.

The Wallack company got to Cincinnati about the March following, and one of the sensations of their engagement then was the publicity given for the first time to the wedlock. It was known to have been a blow to the Winslow family pride, but they made an effort to conceal their objection, for they finally recognized and entertained her, even giving a reception in her honor at their Mount Auburn residence.

The honeymoon of the couple was extremely brief.



Chauncey R. Winslow.

Last fall Mrs. Winslow hired the second flat in the Grand Central apartment house, 69 West Thirty-sixth street. She put the cards of "M. as Sophie Eyre" and "Mrs. Winslow" at the bell, and visitors, professional or not, were always hospitably entertained. But little or nothing was seen of Mr. Winslow, and it was shortly gossiped that he and his wife had fallen out. Miss Eyre's five or six rooms were furnished, not lavishly, but in excellent taste, and she seemed to occupy them alone, save for the company of her young German maid, Annie Wagner, who was always with her mistress.

There were rumors that a member of a Fifth avenue club had become enamored of the actress, and that the encouragement that she had openly given to him had led to Mr. Winslow's serious objection. This ended in the rupture between them. Again, it was known that another of her ardent admirers was a wealthy Philadelphia in the millinery business, who had become so enthusiastic over her as an actress, he said, that he was willing to back her on a starring tour of the country in one of Belasco's plays. Naturally her name soon became associated with the Philadelphia in any thing but a pleasant way. Now and then there were convivial gatherings at her flat, and the actress herself was one of the gayest of entertainers. She was not a total abstainer.

In all her actions she was independent and frank. She had trouble with Wallack over the position she



On board ship.

held in his forces, and she was an open rival of Annie Robe in the plays that gave to both a chance to do work. When her term expired with Wallack she left him without serious demur on his part. She was not idle long, for a California manager gave her an opportunity to go there with a summer company. Rowland Buckstone, a young son of the famous J. C. Buckstone and a friend of Miss Eyre, went along. The Eyre flat is yet rented to her, the names of Eyre and Winslow still appearing at the bell. Miss Eyre's maid keeps it in order and forwards her mistress's mail. The bills are paid, and always have been, the janitor says, by Miss Eyre.

REFUSED TO PAY FOR THE BATH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was some excitement at the Commercial



Closing her husband's eyes.

Hotel, Cincinnati, about 9:30 o'clock the other night. Seventy-five people from the American Opera Company, mostly chorus singers and coryphees, had been boarding there for four days. There was no ballet last night, and a number of the people left for Detroit. The baggage had all been piled on the transfer wagons and the people were paying their bills. Miss Mortine refused to pay 25 cents for a bath which she had been charged with and failed to get. Proprietor Pettyjohn insisted on the bill being paid in full, which the young lady again declined to do. The other members of the company encouraged her, and Mr. Pettyjohn, not knowing which was Miss Mortine's baggage, made the men unload all the trunks and boxes from the wagons. Then followed a perfect Babel of oaths which Mr. Pettyjohn stood smilingly. Miss Mortine went to Central Station and asked for a warrant, but one was not given her. In the meantime, conquered by the approach of train time, one of the men in the party paid the quarter of a dollar, sixty trunks were released, and the proprietor was victorious.

FIGHTING TO THE DEATH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Turk" Geogan, of Boston, and "Jakey" Blenheim, of England, two notorious thieves, arrived in Detroit a few months ago. They had been concerned in a bank robbery at Mendota, Ill., and as they were wanted for a crime committed in London, Ont., they did not dare cross over into Canada. Geogan had been in jail in several States, while Blenheim, although many times arrested, had never been convicted. About three weeks ago the pair quarreled over a woman and Blenheim was pummed by Geogan until he was unconscious. The former then swore to be revenged, and Geogan, knowing the full extent of his former comrade's vindictiveness, concluded to risk his chances in Windsor rather than be "given away" by "Jakey." He crossed the river, therefore, and made his headquarters at a quiet resort for persons of his ilk.

When Blenheim had recovered he offered to lure



The parting

Geogan over from Canada into the hands of a detective if he (Blenheim) were given immunity for the Mendota job. The Windsor authorities were informed that Blenheim's offer had been accepted by the Detroit authorities, and presently Geogan found himself so closely watched in Windsor that he determined to cross to this side. Meanwhile Blenheim had got into trouble. The other afternoon he met a Chicago baseball enthusiast and fleeced him of \$700. The Chicagoan pointed Blenheim out to a Pinkerton detective who accompanied the Chicago delegation to Detroit, and Blenheim, fearing arrest, resolved to cross to Windsor.

By a singular chance the two villains met in mid-stream. The meeting and the struggle that followed were witnessed only by the Pinkerton detective, who was "shadowing" Blenheim. He says that in mid-stream Blenheim met a boat containing a single person, who hailed him. The stranger was Geogan, who, as he drew near and recognized Blenheim, suspected some trick to capture him. He pulled alongside, therefore, and struck at Blenheim with an oar before the latter had recognized his assailant or could get his own oars from the locks. Blenheim saw that it was to be a battle to the death, and boarded "Turk's" boat. The two struggled for the possession of the oar which Geogan had and finally went overboard. They struggled desperately with one another in the water until, locked in one another's embrace, they went to the bottom and were drowned just as the detective's boat was coming to their rescue.

NEW MEXICAN SMUGGLERS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Collector of Customs at El Paso, Texas, has received information of an important capture in Deming, N. M. A band of Mexican smugglers were overhauled and surrounded. They had a dozen pack mules loaded with goods, and were driving 64 head of cattle and 20 horses, all of which has been known by Mexicans for many years. Five Mexicans, including a woman, said to be the chief of the band, were arrested and lodged in jail at Deming. They are under the lead of Capt. Ignacio Isteriano, formerly an officer in the Mexican army. Thousands of cattle and horses have been smuggled over by this mountain path.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Detective W. E. Pollard is well known in the State of Kansas for his ability in running down outlaws and crooked gentlemen in the West. It was by his skilful energy that the Barber boys and many other criminals in the vicinity of Coffeyville have met their fate.

Dr. Munford.

On another page will be found a portrait of Dr. Munford, the editor of the Kansas City Times, who was so cowardly shot by Lawyer Carille in a street car. Both gentlemen are well known in Kansas City, and the shooting created quite a sensation.

Thompson's Murder and Suicide.

Everybody has read in the daily papers how Winfield R. Thompson shot his young wife at the Sturtevant House, in this city, recently, in the most cowardly manner, and with the same pistol blew several holes in himself, while spending their honeymoon at the hotel. The young woman was cold dead when found. Thompson lived a few days, and expired without telling his reason for the cowardly deed. Both portraits appear on another page.

Rudolph Schnaubelt.

Schnaubelt was one of the leading Anarchists who caused the riot and massacre in Chicago on May 4th last. Superintendent of Police Ebersold wants him for murder and the part he played in the affair. The following is a description of Schnaubelt: 30 years of age, 6 feet high, weight about 190 pounds, slightly stooped shoulders, light-brown hair, usually wears full light beard, which he shaved off before leaving Chicago. Depend more on the portrait published on another page than the description; when employed he worked at watchmakers' tools. If discovered arrest him, and wire to Superintendent of Police, Chicago, Ill.

A MYSTERIOUS OUTRAGE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The finding of the bruised body of a colored girl about eight years of age, in a ditch alongside the Camden, Gloucester and Mt. Ephraim Railroad, on Third street below Atlantic avenue, Camden, N. J., by William Gaul, living at 415 Atlantic avenue, has given the police a chance to work on what is evidently a clear case of murder. The girl's mouth was bruised, her left eye badly discolored, and the entire back covered with welts such as are made by a thick stick. All who have seen the lifeless body are of the opinion that death was caused by cruelty and not by accident, which impression her murderer probably intended to convey.

There is little doubt but the corpse was brought there during the night and placed just where it was found, as when discovered in the morning the clothing was dry but the soles of the stockings, which were partly wet. These had just touched the little water there was in the ditch.

The clothing was new and unsold, and had evidently been put on the little girl after she died from the effects of the cruel beating.

It is supposed that the murderer in the hurry to do away with the dead body forgot to put any shoes on the feet, as none were found on the body.

OFFICE OF "PLAIN DEALER."

CLEVELAND, O., May 26, 1893.

Learning that Mr. Chauncey J. Stedwell, Train Master of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railway, held one-fifth of ticket No. 76,244 in The Louisiana State Lottery, which had on May 11, drawn the capital prize of \$75,000, a *Plain Dealer* reporter called on Mr. Stedwell at his residence, 152 Lake street, Wednesday evening. In reply to the reporter's question regarding the matter, Mr. Stedwell said:

"It is true that the \$15,000 drawn by the fifth of this ticket was paid to me, but I only acted as collector for others. The fortunate holders were five employees of the C. C. & I. Ry. in my department, as follows: H. Johnson, brakeman, 461 Sterling avenue; J. Laffin, conductor, 35 Seymour avenue; Thos. Murphy, conductor, 44 Bailey street; F. Williams, conductor, 75 Delaware street; R. Constant, brakeman, 1187 Lorain street. The ticket was sent for and held by Johnson, and when the men learned of their good fortune, they came to me and urged me to take the ticket, attend to the collection of the money and make the proper division of it. I forwarded the ticket to New Orleans and it was promptly paid. Tuesday afternoon (the 25th), the men met at my house and I paid each of them \$3,000. It has all fallen into good hands and undoubtedly these men and their families will be greatly benefited by their good fortune. It was never my pleasure to see a happier group than that surrounding the table in this room as I handed each his portion of the money."



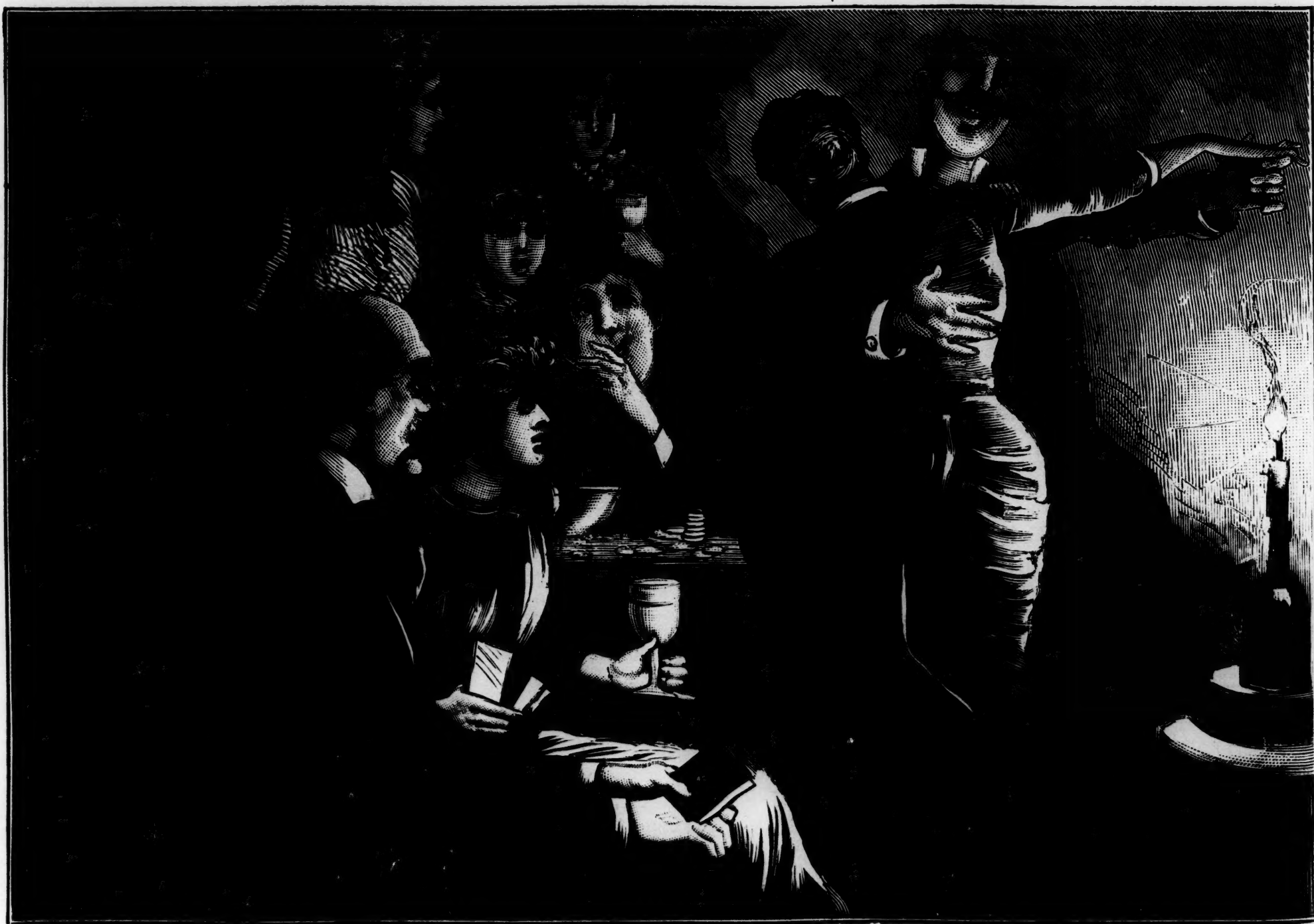
ANOTHER CRANK.

ARTHUR MILLER, A YOUNG FARMER OF WESTERVILLE, OHIO, COMMITS SUICIDE FOR LOVE.



THEY SOAKED HIM

HOW ARTHUR HIGGINS OF WATERFORD, PA., WAS PUNISHED FOR BEATING HIS WIFE.



PUNCH AND POKER.

HOW THE YOUNG DOCTORS AND NURSES OF THE WOMAN'S HOSPITAL, NEW YORK CITY, ENJOY THEIR OFF HOURS AND ARE CAUGHT AT IT.



DR. MUNFORD,

THE EDITOR OF THE KANSAS CITY "TIMES," WHO WAS SHOT BY LAWYER CARLILE.



RUDOLPH SCHNAUBELT,

A LEADING CHICAGO ANARCHIST WANTED FOR MURDER AND INCITING RIOT.



WINFIELD B. THOMPSON,

THE CLERGYMAN'S SON WHO SHOT HIS WIFE DEAD AND THEN HIMSELF, NEW YORK CITY.



MRS. JENNIE THOMPSON,

THE VICTIM OF HER HUSBAND'S PISTOL AT THE STURTEVANT HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.



A SMUGGLER QUEEN.

THE BEAUTIFUL CONTRABANDISTA LATELY ARRESTED WITH FIVE CONFEDERATES NEAR DEMING, NEW MEXICO.

A DEATH LEAP

Miss May Hatch of Baltimore
Jumps off a Sound Steamer
on the Way to Boston.

AN ALTERED MAN.

Parson Alltop of Parkersburg, W. Va.,
Will in Future Sin No More.

When the steamer Chatham, of the Merchants and Miners' line, from Baltimore, entered her slip at Central wharf, Boston, a policeman in citizen's garb inquired if any one was on board by the name of May Hatch. The steward replied: "No, sir; she jumped overboard off Block Island this morning." The story is a sad case of suicide. The Chatham sailed from her wharf in Baltimore at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon. An hour or two earlier there came aboard a strikingly handsome young woman who gave her name as "J. Map," and who had a round-trip ticket. It was raining heavily when she came on board, and she did not appear again during the afternoon. At supper time she asked that her food be brought to her room, saying that she was tired and wet, that she did not care to come down. Early on Thursday morning the boat made Norfolk. The day was bright and clear, and the pretty lady passenger was out and about the deck. The lively newsboys came round about noon with the Baltimore Sun. Passenger Turney bought a paper and read it carefully, as most newspapers are read. The young lady passenger bought one, too, but she read it with more interest and studied it in her pocket. She went on shore, asking the way to the telegraph office. The Sun contained the following among its city news: Miss May Hatch, of 210 Alsquith street, left her home yesterday afternoon to do some shopping. Up to an early hour this morning she had not returned, nor has it been possible to learn anything of her whereabouts. Miss Hatch started out just before the severe thunder storm of yesterday afternoon, and being of a nervous temperament and extremely afraid of lightning, her friends fear that she may have suffered from a sudden and serious fainting spell. It is supposed that she was



Miss May Hatch.

taken in and cared for by strangers, who had not discovered her identity. Miss Hatch is about twenty-six years old, of medium height, with very dark eyes and fair complexion. She wore a dark dress of heavy material and a small bonnet.

The steamer soon left Norfolk, and the pretty passenger appeared in excellent spirits. With one of the passengers she discussed the suicide of King Ludwig, and expressed the idea that suicide was not such a bad thing after all. On Wednesday she kept her room most of the day from sickness, but she appeared on deck about daylight Thursday morning. The mate noticed her, but thought nothing of it. Later the stewardess could not find her. The ship was searched, but she was gone.

When last seen she was in full-walking costume,



Overboard!

and in her cabin were only a few articles of underwear, a pair of bracelets, worth perhaps \$10, and \$10.57, all in silver. Two of the silver dollars lay on a card on which was scribbled a word that might be "Mother" and might be "Mallery."

On one of the three pieces of brown paper wrapped about the coin was written a sentence expressive of illness, ending: "Very weak, Mamie Tracey." In a pocketbook was a picture of President Cleveland cut from an illustrated paper. On the underclothing was stamped the name "Mary Hatch," which positively identified the girl with the one missing from Baltimore.

"It's only the second thing of that sort we ever had," says Steward Hallett. "Once a man tried to cut his throat during the voyage, but we saved him. We don't want any more."

Mr. Hallett says opinion was about evenly divided between pronouncing the young woman insane and bent on suicide. He thinks she telegraphed home from Norfolk that she was on the steamer and says

features were literally beaten out of recognition. Finally, satisfied that both their victims were dead, the girls secured about \$350 in money and fled.

Several hours later a colored boy, one of the tenants on the farm, while passing the mansion, observed that the door was open and stopped to investigate. On entering the house he discovered the senseless and bleeding forms of Mr. and Miss Waller on the floor, and immediately rushed to give the alarm. By five o'clock in the morning the whole neighborhood was aroused and hundreds of people flocked to the house to learn the particulars of the affair and to offer their assistance in capturing the assailants. With the arrival of the physician Mr. Waller was restored to consciousness, and though in a very precarious condition, was able to describe the occurrence of the night.



Brother Alltop gets it hot.

that if the body went ashore anywhere it would be likely to be near Newport or Narragansett.

A Minister Maltreated.

A terrible affair has occurred at Ripley, on the straight fork of Sandy Creek, Jackson county, W. Va. Ezekiel Alltop, a preacher of the Gospel who moved into that section some time ago, it is alleged, deserted his family, and had conducted himself in a shameful manner with numerous females in his and other denominations. The people generally becoming scandalized, set spies upon his track and claim to have obtained positive proof of his guilt. A mob, which was in readiness, rushed in, seized Alltop, took him to the woods near by, and after giving him a fearful beating, terribly maltreated him. Alltop managed to drag himself home, where he is now suffering terribly, although it is believed he will recover.

A Pair of Fiends.

A Washington, D. C., special says: Details of the almost unprecedented attempt at a double murder by two young girls, the oldest only eighteen and the second hardly in her teens, have been received from



Preparing for the crime.

Fredericksburg, Va. The victims were Mr. W. E. S. Waller, an old gentleman sixty-five years of age, and his sister, Miss Jane Waller. Mary and Jennie Green, sisters, were the assailants. A dispatch says that Mr. and Miss Waller resided in a stately old mansion on a farm situated about 25 miles from Fredericksburg, near the little village of Newmarket. The extensiveness of the Waller estate made the house somewhat remote from those of the neighbors. Here the couple had lived together for years, managing their farm and depending solely for assistance about the house on the two Green girls. They had been reared by the Waller family, a matter which, in the eyes of Mr. Waller, was sufficient to guarantee their honesty.

Last Friday Mr. Waller received quite a sum of money, which he kept in his room, and the girls were aware of this fact. They waited until about 11 o'clock that night, when, feeling sure that Mr. and Miss Waller were asleep, they quietly armed themselves with stout clubs and descended to the old gentleman's apartments. As they entered the room Mr. Waller awoke, and, seeing who it was, demanded angrily what they wanted. Without waiting to reply, the girls rushed at him. Though aged, Mr. Waller was quite an active man, and, springing from his bed, he seized the elder and would have disarmed her had not the other hit him over the head with her club and knocked him senseless to the floor. Not content with this, they belabored his senseless form with blows until, believing that life was extinct, they left him to search for Miss Waller. Rushing into the old lady's room, they dragged her screaming from her bed, and with one savage blow from a club laid her senseless; then they beat her about the head until the blood gushed forth in streams, and until all vestige of her

Parties were instantly organized and the search for the two girls was undertaken with ardor. Miss Waller can not recover. The Waller family is one of the most prominent in the State.

Too Late.

Quite a social sensation has been stirred up in Bellaire, Ohio. It culminated the other morning by



Knocking the old man senseless.

the parties appearing in Police Court and Michael Dean being placed under bond to keep the peace. John Ashworth having sworn his life against him. Ashworth, who is a well-to-do mechanic, was a married man until recently. The green monster entered his home and he accused his wife of being too intimate with Mr. Dean, a coal merchant. This feeling grew until they finally separated, the wife taking the children with her. About two weeks since Mrs. Ashworth obtained a divorce from her husband, and last week she was married to Dean. All of these matters were kept quiet from the public beyond the mere announcement of the marriage, and trouble only came when Ashworth, who has been absent from the city, came back the other day. He hunted up his divorced wife in the evening, and found her at home with her new



Finishing the old lady.

husband. Mr. Dean was upstairs when Ashworth called, but after they had talked a little time about the children, it seems Ashworth became suddenly infatuated with his former wife and entreated her in warmest terms to return to him. She was evidently just toying with him, however, and these proceedings were kept up until Ashworth, picking up one of his children, pleaded piteously for his mother to return with him, and he was just starting toward her when

Dean entered the room. Catching him by the throat he choked him, and, throwing him to the floor, made him retract some of the harsh things he had said of him and his wife, then released him. Ashworth sought an officer of the law immediately, but kept the matter quiet until the morning, when Dean was bound in the sum of \$500 to keep the peace.

HE GAVE HIS LIFE BLOOD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The forlorn hope was taken the other morning in the case of Nels Hansen, the Chicago police officer who was so severely injured in the Haymarket riot, and who has been wavering between life and death at the county hospital for several weeks past.

On the preceding Saturday his left leg was amputated, and it was feared that the strain on his enfeebled system was too great. It was then decided by the hospital staff that the only means that offered any hope of the possibility of saving his life, or even prolonging it for a short time, was the infusing into his veins of a quantity of fresh blood from a healthy, robust man.

Dr. Fenger set the operation for the morning, and at 11 o'clock Erich W. Egerlis, a brother-in-law of Hansen's, who had offered himself as the subject from whom the life fluid should be drawn, was on hand, awaiting the operation. Egerlis is about 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs in the neighborhood of 150 pounds. He is forty-five years old, and his healthy,



Hunting for the money.

ruddy complexion and bright, sparkling eyes betokened a body full of vigor and life.

As soon as the physicians arrived preparations for the operation were at once commenced. Egerlis was stripped to the waist, and his large, muscular arms and deep, brawny chest, covered with hair, won the admiration of the on-lookers. His arms were then washed and shaved by the surgeon's assistant, who was closely watched by Mr. Egerlis, who wore a nervous smile on his face.

His nervousness increased but his resolution did not falter, and he bore the operation of cutting into his arm bravely. A stifled groan was the only sound he emitted.

The process was witnessed by a half-dozen physicians, several of the attaches of the hospital, and two or three newspaper men, all draped in long white aprons provided by the assistants. Several white-capped nurses noiselessly but swiftly moved in and out of the rooms.

An incision was made in the femoral artery of the left arm and four ounces of blood was allowed to rush out, after which the arm was wound around tightly with cotton bandages.

After the flow was stopped Egerlis was laid out on a cot and fanned by an attendant, the unusual loss of



Too late!

blood having made him sick and faint. He was up on his feet in a few minutes, however, and said he was all right, with the exception of a slightly confused feeling in his head.

When everything was ready the entire party moved into Hansen's room, where the poor officer was rolling and throwing his arms about in the delirium that he has had for two days past. With his large eyes staring at the crowd around him he muttered in a low voice to himself in Swedish while the cot was wheeled into the center of the room.

"Oh, this is a hard job," he said, in English, and a painful contraction of his lips and eyebrows accompanied the remark. He relaxed again into Swedish and kept up the low muttering while the surgeon made an incision in his right arm and the process of transfusing his brother-in-law's blood into the patient was in progress. He moved restlessly to and fro, and after a time a slight tinge of color came into his face and lips.

The operation was successfully performed, but poor Hansen died next day of exhaustion.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

AS AN APPETIZER.

Dr. MORRIS GIBBS, Howard City, Mich., says: "I am greatly pleased with it as a tonic; it is an agreeable and a good appetizer."

"P. AND P."

The Way the Nurses and Doctors at the Woman's Hospital Enjoy Themselves.

A JOLLY OLD ROW.

And Yet Why Shouldn't They Enjoy Themselves?

[Subject of Illustration.]

Fifth avenue society received a shock the other day. It was rumored—and the wild rumor grew bigger and more significant each time it was related—that two of the most aristocratic young doctors in the city, whose services are rendered in that aristocratic institution, the Woman's Hospital, have been detected in a hilarious orgie with some of the nurses of that institution.

The party, so the wild-eyed rumor stated, consisted of six doctors and six nurses. They had gathered in a room in the basement of the institution where the wines and liquors for the suffering female patients above were stored. A can of milk designed for the same benevolent purposes was also stored in the cellar-room.

There, by the light of two candles, the giddy youths and foolish misses have been holding high revelry each night for months. At least this is what the rumor said, and it had been told by a person whose veracity could not be doubted. The thick walls shut out the sound of their music and laughter from the outer world, and the close-drawn shutters concealed them from prying eyes.

"A most appropriate place," concluded rumor, with a knowing look, "a woman's hospital and with learned young doctors for partners in the dance."

At last the drain upon the institution to keep up the supply of wines, liquors and milk for the suffering patients called for an investigation, and superintendent S. H. LeRoy resolved to put a watch upon the cellar room. The other night his vigilance was rewarded; for, on slipping quietly down the cellar stairs, he heard loud bursts of laughter, the clapping of hands, beating time to vocal music, and the clatter of a nimble pair of heels on the floor.

The indignation of the superintendent was aroused. Bolts and bars could not restrain him. With one blow he crashed in the door. The spectacle before him left him speechless and agast.

Around a barrel sat a group of his most respected young physicians and his most trusted nurses playing poker for money by the light of a tallow candle flaming from the neck of a wine bottle. On an adjacent barrel head stood a bowl of milk punch. All had ceased playing and held a cup of the liquor, while they tilted back to watch the performances of two others who were engaged in a fantastic waltz to the music and clapping of hands of their companions.

The superintendent did not want to see more. Indeed his abrupt entrance had almost frozen the blood in the veins of the six guilty couples. All stood in speechless amazement, a striking tableau. Then the superintendent in his sternest tones ordered each to his room and promised to discharge them all on the morrow. Such was the rumor.

A reporter called at the Woman's Hospital, to inquire whether the threat had been carried out. The vast series of buildings occupies an entire block, from Forty-ninth to Fiftieth street and from Fourth to Lexington avenue. In the centre was a broad grassy court, with selctee and shade trees, and half a dozen pretty nurses with rolling black eyes sat in charming poses entertaining two or three richly dressed young doctors.

"I will tell you all about it," said Mr. LeRoy frankly, leading the way into his office. "The rules of this institution are very strict indeed, so that we have to notice little matters which in any other hospital in the city would be regarded as peccadilloes. For instance, I was obliged a day or two ago to reprimand two young apothecaries for smoking cigarettes."

"Last evening I came upon six of our best young doctors playing casino with six nurses. They had had milk punches sent in from outside, but there was nothing improper in their conduct. It would have been all right had it occurred in the Fifth avenue homes of some of the young physicians. Considering this place, I ordered them to stop the game, which they did."

"As for the young woman who was said to have been engaged in a dance, she is incapable of such an effort, being thirty-eight years old and weighing about 180 pounds. She is a most efficient nurse and unexceptionable in her conduct, and will stay with us just as long as she chooses."

The hospital was founded by Peter Cooper, Benjamin F. Butler, G. F. Trimble and Robert B. Minturn in 1857. It is supported by contributions from all over the State. Among the strongest supporters are the Astors, the Beekmans, the Coopers, the Crossbys, the Judsons and others of the richest families in the State.

Over a thousand patients are treated yearly, and 200 pay handsomely for their treatment and board in the institution.

FOUND IN A ROBBERS' DEN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

For several years the Helots settlement, north of San Antonio, Texas, has been the headquarters of as murderous a gang of robbers as ever flourished in the Southwest. A cave, four or five miles distant, has been their hiding place in critical times, and also a storehouse where all sorts of plunder have been kept.

A short time ago Joe Brannon, one of the gang, was shot and killed while on his way to San Antonio. His brother Cal Brannon, believed that Joe had been killed by members of the gang, and to get square he went before the Grand Jury and charged Frank and T. J. Scott, father and son, members of the gang, with the murder of Frank Harris. Harris was arrested in September, 1884, by Frank Scott, who was then a constable, and from that time until a few days ago nothing had ever been heard of Harris. The Grand Jury, on Cal Brannon's advice, sent deputy sheriffs to search the robbers' cave, and in it, tied up in a coffee sack, was found a skeleton, which has since been identified as the remains of Frank Harris. Over the right eye is the mark of a bullet hole. An old friend

of Harris identified the remains by the peculiarly decayed front teeth, from which the gold filling had dropped out, the fragments of his trousers, the boots, and an old saddle that had belonged to the dead man and which was found in the brush near the cave.

It is believed that as Harris was last seen alive with the Scotts an indictment for murder will be found against them. The object of the murder is not quite clear, though many recall that Harris was very fond of Miss Scott, daughter and sister of the alleged murderers, and that Harris had been heard to say that he would marry her if he had to do it in blood. The Scotts opposed Harris and favored one of the gang named Pitts, now dead. He was a murderer, a train wrecker, a stage robber, and a horse thief, but was a thrifty thief, and his collection of plunder found favor with the male members of the Scott family.

A GAMBLER'S WIFE.

After a Romantic Career She at Last in Despair Takes Her Own Life.

Mrs. Abbie Laffin shot herself recently at Northampton, Mass. She had a romantic career. Abbie Dean, which was her maiden name, was born in Fitchburg, but at a tender age she took up her residence with Shepard Wilder, now one of the town's oldest and most influential citizens. As Abbie Dean Wilder she grew up and became one of the most fascinating of her sex. She was loved by those with whom she lived, who were distant relatives.

One day soon after the war there arrived at the old hotel a good-looking and stylish young man who registered as William Laffin. He announced he was from New York and that worn out by business cares he was seeking recuperation. It did not take long for the stranger to extend his acquaintanceship to every circle. His open sesame to Leominster's admiration was money. He lavished it upon his friends and poured it out in a manner that made the town stare. The tales which he gave his friends are talked about yet.

It soon became known that he was the proprietor of a bon ton gambling establishment in New York. He was not averse to playing his profession, and beside running his little establishment at Leominster on the quiet he made trips to other points.

The dash and apparently exhaustless exchequer of Laffin dazzled and fascinated Abbie Wilder. Laffin was captured by the beauty and grace of the girl, and she married the gambler and returned with him to New York. Laffin and his wife visited Leominster several times after their marriage, and such visitations were sure to set the females wild over the display of rich apparel and diamonds by the former Leominster girl. Laffin died about eight years ago and left his wife considerable property, which has since dwindled away. She was a resident of San Francisco for a time, and was regarded as the belle of the city. Months ago she was paralyzed as the result of being thrown from a horse.

At that time she is said to have been engaged to a United States Naval officer then stationed on the Pacific Coast. Some time ago an appeal for aid was made to the man who brought her up from infancy to womanhood, but that appeal did not avail. Mrs. Laffin was sick and helpless in Northampton. His declaration to assist her was too much for her to bear, and despair led to the rash act. The following letter was found addressed to the party with whom she was living at the time of the tragedy:

"My heart is nearly broken. I cannot endure this life. It is too terrible, mental and physical, and as God will not take me for long years to come, I must go by myself. I shrink so from the trouble and amending, the only one I am sure of. Oh, dear Mrs. Hardie, do not blame me, but pray for me instead. My sweet friend, the pistol, came to-day. I sent to Pittsburg for it. Oh, the horror of sleeping in the same room with it! Will I ever have the courage to use it? Oh, my God! Must I die? I don't know how I keep this terrible thought constantly on my mind, yet it must be done. I have not the strength to go through such days as to-day. Oh, heaven help me, and my God receive my poor tortured soul! My darling friend, do think it is for the best. Jack's address is 20 Nassau, Room 20; or his home is at No. 70 West Fifth, eighth. He drives at 6 o'clock, and a dispatch will reach him."

The Jack referred to in the letter is John Elwood, her trustee in New York.

PROBABLE MURDER.

The evening of June 19th about twenty-five minutes past seven o'clock, Charles Siebert, proprietor of the saloon corner Wabash and Euclid avenues, Cleveland, was shot by Louis Hoehn, and will probably die. Hoehn was Siebert's bartender until Thursday, when he was dismissed for reasons developed since the shooting. Siebert and his wife have had trouble, and on Wednesday the latter left her husband. It now transpires that Siebert attributed the trouble with his wife to Hoehn. The fatal evening Hoehn called at the saloon and said he desired to get some clothes he had left in his room. Siebert said he could get them, and accompanied him to the room over the saloon. Here, as Siebert tells the story, he accused Hoehn of causing his wife to desert him, and Hoehn called him a liar. He put his hands on Hoehn, when the latter drew a 32-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver and fired. The ball entered Siebert's breast on the left side, after which the wounded man went to the saloon below and out upon the street where he called the officers that arrested Hoehn, and it was not until the injured man had returned to the saloon that he fell. The accused says Siebert threatened to break his back, when he shot in self-defense. Siebert is a man of thirty-five, and Hoehn is twenty-two and single.

IMITATING THE TURK.

A rich New Yorker has given an order for a Turkish lounging room to be built at the back of his house. The walls are to be of some rare wood, inlaid with silver arabesques. Running around the centre apartment will be a low divan covered with rich silk "shot" with gold and silver threads, and the floor is to be one complete design in mosaic, made up of thousands of pieces of stone. Over this stone will be thrown expensive Turkish rugs, a divan constructed of great silk and satin covered pillows being arranged in the centre of the apartment. Silver lattice work covering the windows will admit the light, the latter being deepened at pleasure by means of rich hangings. From a niche will issue a jet of water, falling into a marble basin. The roof of the extension will be partly movable, so that in summer a tent-like arrangement of drapery can be fashioned over the heads of the loungers, admitting the air through its folds and still keeping out the warm rays of the sun.

A CRUEL WARDEN.

His Barbarous Treatment of the Convicts under His Charge, and the Plots Against His Life.

There is in this city a man at whose side fear ever stalks, writes a Worcester (Mass.) correspondent. When this man awakes in the morning he does not know whether or not he will see the sun go down. His sufferings are as acute as any ever endured by the wretched victim of an Italian vendetta—perhaps more dreadful, for instead of the one avenger, at least half a hundred desperate characters have sworn to have the life of David M. Earle. Consequently he walks in an atmosphere of dread. There is no joy in life for him, for over every pleasantness there hangs the ominous pall of a horrible end. For some reason or other the press of this city and of Boston has been silent regarding the case of Earle ever since he was removed by Gov. Benjamin F. Butler, three years ago, from the wardenship of the State Prison at Concord. This silence has been preserved even by the papers, aware that more than one attempt has been made upon Earle's life by desperate criminals, who were formerly under his charge at Concord. One of these attempts was nearly successful. In order that the public may fully understand the case, it will be necessary to briefly review some of the startling occurrences that gained for Warden Earle the bitter, unrelenting and undivided hatred of the 700 men who were in 1882-3 inmates of the State prison and under his jurisdiction.

Gov. Long appointed Earle to the wardenship of Concord. When the new official took charge he intimated to the men that a regime of harshness would be his policy. The work was increased, the diet cut down. The terrible solitary cells underneath the guard-room, with heavy steam pipes connected with them, were for the first time brought into requisition. Men were stripped naked, thrust into these dungeons, tied up by the wrists or thumbs, and then the hissing steam was turned on with full force. For days, and sometimes as long as a week, they were left in this condition. They were never brought out until the stamp of death began to appear on their faces. Sometimes they would revive, sometimes not. Books were taken away from prisoners, and all privileges stopped. The convicts grew sullen. Devilish, murderous thoughts filled their minds and hearts and drove out the better seeds planted there by Chaplain Barnes. Earle became hated, and the prison was ripe for mutiny. The finishing stroke came on the evening before the Fourth of July, 1883. It had always been the custom of the convicts in the State prison to anticipate the few festivities that were given them on the national holiday by ushering in the Fourth with a little noise of patriotic shouting, beating upon tin pans, and playing upon such musical instruments as they possessed or could improvise. On this evening they started the noise as usual. White with anger, Earle sprang into the center of the guard-room (a certain apartment from which wings run east and west and south) and commanded silence.

A reign of terror commenced then which did not end for many weeks, and which in some of the horrible atrocities committed rivaled the inhumanities of the Inquisition. The Fourth of July dawned clear and bright, but not a key was turned and not a convict was allowed to leave his narrow cell. The shrieks of the men could be heard a great distance away. People living in the vicinity of the prison were alarmed and some shut up their houses and left the neighborhood. Hundreds of men were taken from their cells, stripped, cast into the sweltering dungeons and then strung up by their thumbs until their toes barely reached the ground. Others were beaten until nearly dead, clubbed about the head, their teeth knocked out, and then strung up in what is called the "arch" of the prison. For this stringing-up process heavy chains were used that cut deep into the flesh. Even the mess-rooms of the prison were used for stringing-up purposes, and when the sun went down on the day after the Fourth of July the cells were nearly all vacant, while the howling, cursing, vengeance swearing men were hanging in the most terrible agony all over that great expanse of prison domain.

For weary days and weeks his cruelty went on. Some died outright, others went insane and still others had their constitutions so broken down that pulmonary, nervous and other diseases ensued, and if their lives were not speedily closed the seeds of chronic complaints that would eventually end in death were sown. The number of men whose subsequent deaths were directly or indirectly traceable to the brutality of Earle's treatment during this reign of terror is enormous. Among the prisoners most ferociously punished were a large number of the most daring and fearless cracksmen, bank robbers and burglars in the country. It so happened that seven long-term men were strung up close together in one of the mess-rooms. It is a fact that in the solemn, gloomy darkness of their third night in the trying position they occupied, that these men bound themselves by the most sacred oaths they could take to kill Warden Earle either in prison or out. There was to be no forgiveness, no relenting, no palliation. Two of these men possessed revolvers. They all worked in the same shop, and the plan was to have two shots fired at Earle on his first entering the shop where they were employed.

The men who were to do the firing were to be immediately covered by the others, the revolvers thrown out of the window and a general row started in the shop. By doing this it was thought the real assassins could not be picked out from among the other convicts. It was also sworn by these seven men that should Earle escape death in this manner, each of the seven, when his term expired and he was a free man, should make at least one attempt on Earle's life. Warden Earle would assuredly have been assassinated had he ever entered that workshop after these oaths and similar ones by other convicts had been taken. Gov. Butler saved his life by removing him.

Your correspondent has talked with one of the prisoners who was in the plot above described, and who is still a prisoner. Only one of the seven men who on that dreadful night swore to kill Earle has so far been released. The police think that it was he who made the most desperate attempt on Earle's life, but they have no way of proving it.

It is thought that another attempt was made upon his life a few days ago, but everything in regard to it has been kept very quiet. Two or three Boston detectives have been in town for several days, and have been seen in close consultation with the ex-warden.

A MISSOURI TRAGEDY.

A sheriff's posse that arrived at Chillicothe on the morning of June 19 in search of the murderer brought

information of a dreadful homicide that occurred across the Livingston county line and half a mile from Orlinda, a little post-office in Linn county, yesterday. At a public school picnic the children of the families of James Norville and Tim Goddard quarreled about a swing. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the two families started for home. The family of Norville overtook that of his neighbor Goddard, and the women of the two households engaged in a tongue-lashing row. The war of words became hotter and hotter as time went on. The horses were stopped and the men and children took part in the controversy. Goddard, a large and powerful man, attacked Norville, a man about 5 feet 4 inches high and weighing 125 to 130 pounds. Norville whipped out his pocket-knife and stabbed Goddard three times in the breast and abdomen. Then he ran away, and Goddard, after pursuing a few steps, fell in the road later from a fatal knife-wound just over the heart. There was no one present to witness the tragedy except the families of the two men. Norville fled the country, and is being pursued by the sheriff and posse. The greatest excitement prevails. If Norville is caught he will very likely be strung up to the limb of a tree.

A POLICE GAZETTE HATING PARSON ARRESTED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Rev. Waldo Messaros, pastor of the Northwestern Independent Church, of Philadelphia, Pa., was, on the morning of June 21, held to answer upon the charge of assault and battery, with intent to commit a felony upon Mrs. C. W. Coulston, of 1840 Master street, who, with her husband, is a member of his congregation. Bail was exacted in the sum of \$2,000. Mrs. Annie Johnson, of 1,693 North Twenty-first street going on the bond.

Mrs. Coulston testified that the minister had pursued her with improper attentions for three months. She finally felt obliged to withdraw from the church and told her husband what had occurred. Jointly they demanded letters of dismissal, which Mr. Messaros declined to give. Last Saturday night she called at his house to demand a letter to another church. He invited her into his study and shut the door; then renewed an oft-repeated invitation to accompany him to New York, which she refused to do. He then said he would call upon her at 10 o'clock in the morning. The witness described the visit and its result thus:

"As I was afraid of him, I asked my husband to stay home to-day, and he did so. Besides my husband, Dr. Butcher, of Nineteenth and Parrish streets, and Mr. David Turplitt, of 1712 Wylie street, came to stay in our house until our pastor appeared. Promptly at 13 o'clock Mr. Messaros rang the bell and the servant ushered him into the parlor. I went down to see him and my husband and his friends waited at the head of the stairs. Mr. Messaros at once began to use improper language, and when I remonstrated he came over to where I was standing at the piano. He called me endearing names, and, sitting down upon the piano stool, clasped me in his arms and pulled me into his lap. He then attempted to assault me, when I screamed, 'Charley! oh, Charley!' for my husband."

"My husband jumped down the stairs, followed by Dr. Butcher and Mr. Turplitt. When he heard them coming Mr. Messaros released me, and as they came in they saw him and the condition he was in. I was too much excited to speak. Messaros, finding the way of escape barred, struck my husband a savage blow in the mouth. My husband clinched his teeth on our pastor's thumb, biting it severely. There was a scuffle and Messaros escaped from the house. Then I came down here and got the warrant from Judge Clement for Messaros's arrest and he was brought here."

Her husband and the other two witnesses she named corroborated her story so far as their part in it and Messaros's appearance was concerned. Mrs. Coulston has long been a pillar of the church, and is a leader of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity. She was one of those recommended to the Mayor and Councils for the appointment of police station matrons. Her husband is of the firm of C. W. Coulston & Co., dealers in furnaces.

Mr. Messaros says the whole thing was a trap, and denies committing or attempting any assault upon Mrs. Coulston, or ever using any improper language to her.

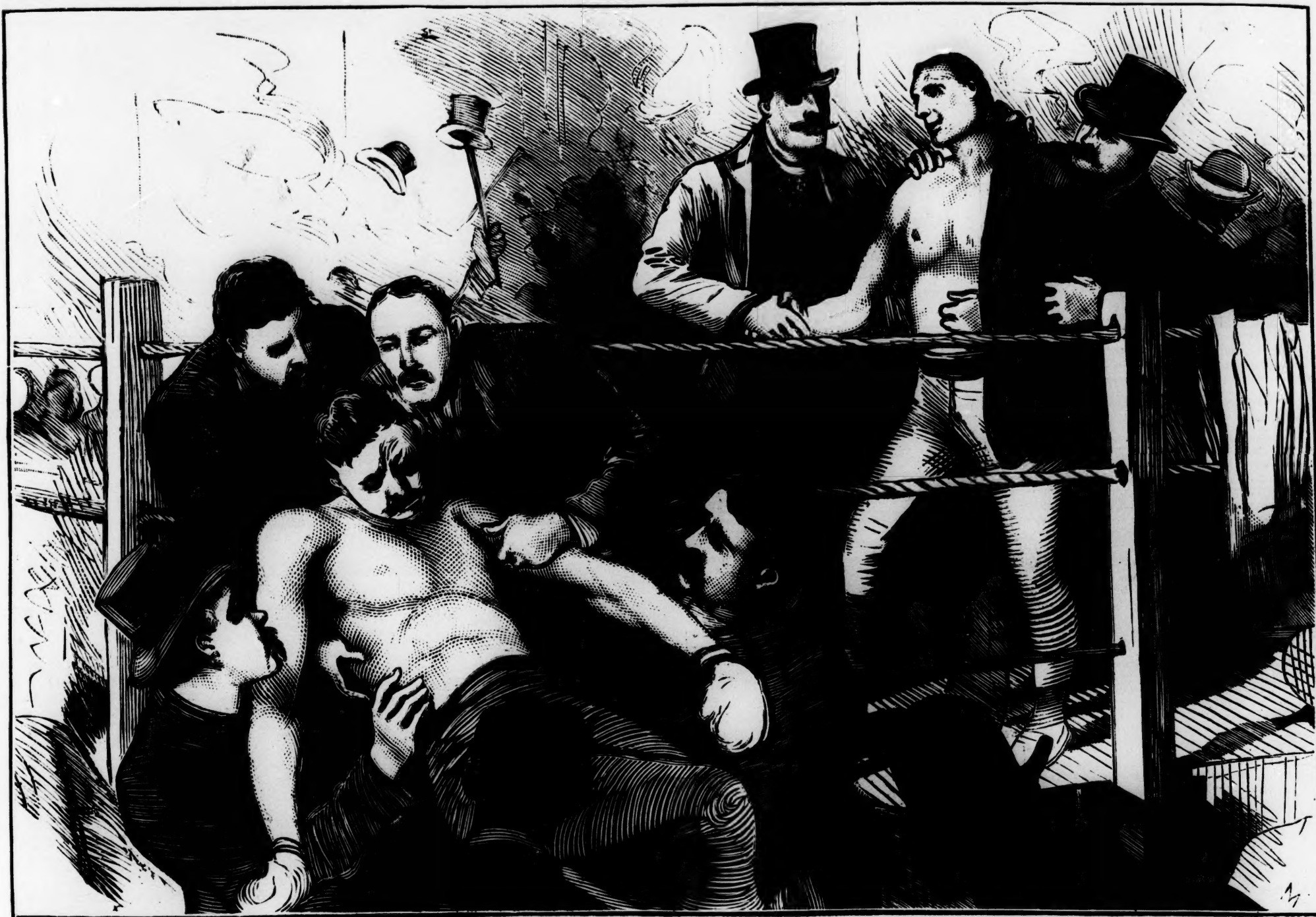
A HORRIBLE FIRE IN BOSTON.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The great building used for several months past by the Metropolitan Horse Railway Company, of Boston, Mass., as a storehouse and repair shop, but formerly known as the New England Institute Building, on Huntington avenue, Back Bay, was destroyed by fire on June 21, resulting in the burning to death of at least fifteen men. The foreman was the first to see the fire, at about 2 o'clock, but had hardly rung in an alarm before the building was a mass of flames. The fire started in the right corner of the lower floor, but almost in a moment the flames had reached the paint room directly above on the second floor. From thence the fire spread with great rapidity to the wood working room and the trimming room. The oil in the paint room spread over considerable space after the fire had entered the room, and was a speedy carrier of the destructive element. The roof fell in soon after the second alarm was rung in, and five minutes later the sides of the building nearest the roof crumpled and fell. The iron work offered no resistance to the flames and soon the strong bands were warped and twisted. The fire was intensely hot, but on account of the wind which was blowing towards Brookline the firemen were enabled to work with advantage on the eastern side of the building.

It was at the east end of the building in the carpenter's shop that the most heartrending tragedy occurred. A poor fellow, whose name is not yet known, was driven out of the window of the second story by the flames. He was about to leap, had put one leg over the window sill, when the roof above fell in and pinned him fast where he was. No ladder company had arrived and the crowd outside were powerless to render assistance. The flames followed almost instantly and the imprisoned man was roasted in agony before the horrified eyes of his friends below. Two of his fellow-workmen—John McNulty and J. P. Fallon—were terribly burned trying to scale the wall to reach their dying comrade. Several workmen who sought to save their tools were severely burned.

Clever and energetic Miss Alfa Norman means to do big things next season. Some new leading male voices are to be engaged from London, and her company will number over forty people. Several new operas are promised, and among them a new work by Lever.



IN ONE ROUND.

NED MALLAHAN'S NO LONGER "UNKNOWN," FRANK HERALD, DOES UP MR. MICHAEL CONLEY IN THE SHORTEST POSSIBLE ORDER.



A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

"TURF" GEOGAN OF BOSTON AND "JAKEY" BLENHEIM OF LONDON, DROWN EACH OTHER IN THE DETROIT RIVER.



A HORRIBLE HOLOCAUST.

THE TERRIBLE FIRE IN BOSTON IN WHICH FIFTEEN HUMAN BEINGS, POWERLESS TO ESCAPE, WERE SLOWLY INCINERATED.



ANOTHER OF 'EM.

PARSON MESSAROS OF PHILADELPHIA IS SUSPECTED OF PAYING IMPROPER ATTENTION TO PRETTY MRS. COULSTON AND TREATED TO A SURPRISE PARTY.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the
Arenic Events of the Week.

Mitchell is going back to England—so is Burke. Will they go back to England while Herald is coming champion, is ready to meet them on any reasonable terms? If they are afraid to meet Herald why don't they arrange a match with M. C. Conley or Jack Ashton, both are ready to meet Burke or Mitchell.

Before Jack Burke goes to England he has a chance to meet a good man here. Ed Mallahan is willing to match Frank Herald against him, with or without gloves, for \$1,000 a side or more. It seems, however, that Burke will not accept, as Herald is a fighter from wayback, and has the weight behind his blows.

The only English pugilists of note that have within the past two decades visited this country and made it their abiding place, is Arthur Chambers, Tom Kelly and Billy Edwards. They came to this country with just enough of money to live on for a short time, but they have succeeded in gathering in the shekels and saving them. Chambers is worth \$50,000, Kelly \$30,000, while Billy Edwards has also a fat bank account.

At St. Paul, Minn., articles have at last been signed by Jack Keefe and Patsy Mellen. They will fight a ten-round contest with the smallest glove the law will allow, on the 23rd of July, at some place upon which they will agree. Keefe states that they may fight in Stillwater, but will probably choose Minneapolis. Keefe is now in training at Stillwater and Mellen is in training at Minnesota. Keefe says they would fight to a finish, but the law will not allow it. The contest will be for \$500 a side, \$100 of which is now up.

John J. Foran, of Birmingham, Eng., who has lately won considerable notoriety in Australia by his success as a middle-weight fighter, arrived in Boston recently in search of new laurels. He was matched against Tim Foley, the boat-puller, in Australia, and won after a hard battle. In a number of other fights in that country Foran proved to be a victor. He is looking to be in the pink of condition, and states that he will fight any man in the world at 156 pounds, but does not aspire to try heavier fighters. Before leaving England Foran was looked upon as being a very clever sparrer, and in numerous bouts there he proved to be a winner.

The great fist encounter, which promises to be the fourth of July sensation, will be the glove contest between Jack Kilrain, of Baltimore, formerly of Boston, and Jack Ashton, Billy Madden's successful champion, the winner of fourteen battles. The men are to box in the Metropolitan Baseball Park, One Hundred and Eighth street, First avenue, on July 3. The contest will be eight rounds, Queensberry rules, scientific points, on their merits. Ashton has gone up to the Drum at Bridge-street to train, and Frank Moran and Tommy Ferguson, of Philadelphia, the well-known boxer, will train him. Kilrain will train at Baltimore under the mentorship of Johnny Cavanaugh, of Baltimore, and Tim McCarthy.

At Apple Island, near Boston, recently, James Kilrain and Dan Humphrey, of East Boston, fought for a purse of \$100. Humphrey was the larger and heavier man and forced the fighting for six rounds. Kilrain dodged the blows until Humphrey lost his wind. Then both men rained sledge-hammer blows upon head and shoulders. Both were badly used up when the twelfth round was called. Kilrain then forced the fighting. His blows were not as heavy as they might be, but they used up the already well-whipped Humphrey, and when about the middle of the round he delivered a blow with all his force directly on the larger man's forehead, Humphrey fell backward and the battle was ended; very thin gloves were used.

In matching his protégé Jack Ashton against Jake Kilrain, Billy Madden shows that he really thinks well of him. Jake is not the head of a fighter, but he is a rattling good one nevertheless. His chief fault, if fault it can be called, is an excess of caution. He has beaten Mike Cleary, and held his own with Burke and Mitchell, and a man who can do that is entitled to trot in the first class. He is as strong as an ox, and Ashton will find him a hard man to get on to. Jack has been coming on pretty well himself of late, and if he would learn to use his left with more precision his fighting would be much more effective. The right may be the thing for knocking out awkward amateurs, but few of the tip-toppers will have it.

Denny Kelleher of Quincy, Mass., has been eager for some time past to meet Jack Fogarty in the arena. To bring about such a meeting Tim McCarthy of Boston wrote to Fogarty in behalf of Kelleher, about the middle of May. On May 21 Professor McCarthy received a reply from Gus Tutthill of New York, who stated that he was backing Fogarty, and would match him to fight Kelleher for a stake to a finish, or a stated number of rounds, for a purse to be offered by some club in Boston. At that time Kelleher was so situated that he could meet Fogarty, and a reply to that effect was sent to Tutthill. Tutthill replied that Fogarty would meet Kelleher on June 23, 24 or 25, but that the Quincy man must not weigh over 158 pounds. Nothing will probably ever come of this letter, however, as Kelleher has recently opened a hotel at Nantasket, and he will not want to leave his business to go into training.

A desperate prize fight was fought near Doylestown, Pa., on June 15, between Thomas Hayes, of Lancaster, and Jack McBride, of Treanton. Ten rounds were fought with bare knuckles. The contest came off about 5 A. M., and was under Queensberry rules. After a terrific battle, in which both men were badly punished, Hayes became exhausted, and the fight was given to McBride. Sporting men who witnessed the contest say that Hayes was the least punished of the two, and is undoubtedly the best man. The fight was for \$250 a side and the gate receipts. A purse of \$65 was paid for Hayes. McBride has since made a match with George Williams, of Rahway, N. J., and they are to fight on July 12 with kid gloves, London rules, to a finish. The contest will take place in Pennsylvania for a purse of \$200. Williams defeated McBride about six weeks ago in a three-round fight for \$50, and as there is a bitter feeling between the pugilists, a hard fight is anticipated.

On June 17, a desperate battle was fought between Tom McCann, of Providence, and Billy Martin, of Newark. The men fought for \$200 on the banks of the Delaware, near the mouth of Rancocas Creek. McCann is 3 inches taller and 4 pounds heavier than his antagonist, who stands 5 feet 5 inches and weighs 138 pounds. Martin had the best of the fight to the finish, but McCann stood up pluckily. In the twenty-first round Martin was told to go in and finish it and he did. First he planted his left on McCann's badly damaged left eye, followed it up with his right, repeated the blows a few times, and then, with McCann's hands hanging by his side and his face leaning forward, Martin shot a hot one against his antagonist's neck and stretched him out limp. McCann was unable to respond and the battle was given to Martin. McCann's friends picked him up and carried him to a rowboat. He was taken to Beverly, where his party boarded a train for New York, and Martin crossed over to Bristol. Martin presented McCann with \$25.

The following explains itself:

DEAR SIR:—In reply to Pat. Sheedy's challenge to Jim Smith I would say that I have an unknown whom I will match against any man in the world bar none. He is anxious and willing to fight and comes well recommended from the other side of the water. After testing him I have come to the conclusion that he is the only man who can face Jim L. Sullivan. In the event of Jim Smith not appearing I will match my unknown against any man in America the champion preferred—in an 8 round glove contest or to a finish, the winner to take all the receipts. My unknown was born in London, England, and weighs 225 pounds; height 6 feet 1 inch. Hoping to hear from some of the above pugilists, or their backers, I remain yours respy.

DENNIS F. BUTLER.

Champion Swimmer of America and all round athlete.

A slashing glove contest was fought in Centerville, N. Y., on June 15, between Foss Peters and C. S. Boyle of Ithaca, Marquis of Queensberry rules, in the presence of 150 sporting men. Peters' seconds were Dick Toner of New York and George Meirs, and Ira Frazer seconded Boyle. Bob Sullivan was referee. The men entered the ring at 12 o'clock, using four ounce gloves. In the first round they sparred vigorously and clinched twice, Peters finally giving Boyle a chest blow that brought him to his knee. In the second round Boyle drew first blood. More clinches followed, and Peters was trying to wind his opponent. Peters acted

on the defensive in the third round, receiving two heavy face blows. Then he braced up and the fighting became very hard. At the end of the round both were badly winded. The fourth round was marked by still fiercer fighting, and Peters got Boyle into the corner and was slugging him desperately when the sheriff stopped the fight. The referee decided in favor of Peters. Boyle was nearly used up.

Under the management of Patrick F. Sheedy, the popular and well known sporting man of Chicago, on July 5 (the day the glorious Fourth will be celebrated) there will be a grand athletic entertainment, which, judging from the bill of fare, will attract thousands to the Polo Grounds, this city. There will be wrestling, boxing by champions in all branches of sport, while the great attraction will be the meeting of John L. Sullivan, the champion fist hero of the world, and Charley Mitchell, the champion of Great Britain, a title which the latter still claims. The gladiators are to box 8 rounds in a "scientific way," and it is needless to state that thousands will journey to New York to witness Sullivan meet Mitchell. No one need be afraid of the contest not taking place, or of either failing to appear, for Sullivan is eager to face the champion, while Mitchell is confident that he can display more "points" than the champion. Sullivan has a legion of admirers, who assert that there is no man in the world his equal within the orthodox 24-foot ring, while Mitchell has a strong following who claim that he is the only man, bar Jim Smith, that is able to successfully cope with Sullivan.

The proposition from E. F. Mallahan, the backer of Frank Herald, to match the latter to meet Patsy Cardiff of Peoria, Ill., brought the following response from Cardiff's backer recently: Inform Mallahan and Herald that the Mitchell and Cardiff drawn battle has swelled Cardiff's head, and he states he will fight Herald, "Police Gazette" rules, the winner to take 65 per cent. of the gate receipts. Answer.

RYDER.

The dispatch was handed to Mallahan and the latter appeared very indignant. He said, "All or nothing. Herald can whip any man in America, bar none, and he shall box Cardiff, the man Mitchell could not conquer, for the entire gate receipts."

Mallahan sent the following reply to Cardiff's backer: Frank Herald shall fight you on ten days' notice, according to Queensberry revised rules, at Minneapolis, the winner to take all the gate money. In order that my man shall receive fair play I shall insist that Mr. Richard K. Fox appoint the referee, and that the latter's expenses shall be paid. If these terms suit, notify me at once.

E. F. MALLAHAN.

Herald is eager to meet any man living in the arena. First come first served.

The following explains itself:

PORTLAND, OREGON, June 16, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor:

SIR—Understanding that Charley Mitchell is making arrangements to go to England after his meeting with John L. Sullivan, and that Jack Burke is also going back to England, state in your issue that they need not return to England, the land where they were born, without meeting me. I will meet either Burke or Mitchell with or without gloves. Queensberry or London prize ring rules, for the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt and five thousand dollars a side. If Mitchell and Burke go to England without meeting me it will prove that they are afraid to fight and that they never intended to fight. In regard to Dominick McCaffrey's offer to box I state that he will not fight anybody, but is only blowing. I am ready to fight any man in America, at 154 pounds, for \$5,000 a side, and Dominick McCaffrey or the two Englishmen, Mitchell and Burke, at catch weights for \$5,000 a side. A battle can be brought off here, and I am satisfied that Richard K. Fox shall hold the stakes. If any of the above would-be champions mean business let them put up \$500 forfeit with the "Police Gazette" and I will have it covered, and quickly make a match to fight in three, four or five weeks. I mean business, as usual, Yours,

JACK DEMPSEY.

In San Francisco there is much talk in pugilistic circles over the recent battle at Alameda between Ed Smith and Frank Matthews. The affair was decidedly a slogging match, science being totally discarded. This being the case, it was simply a matter of endurance, and in that respect Matthews had clearly the best of the fight. Notwithstanding this, the shouts of the assemblage were loudest when Smith showed any good point, his pushers outbellowing his opponent's by ten to one. Farrell, the referee, was more inclined to have the fight go on than to have strict rules observed. In consequence, Smith was permitted to foul Matthews repeatedly and in the most deliberate manner. Charles Taylor, Matthews' second, entered protest after protest at the manner in which affairs were being conducted, but the crowd on the other side yelled louder than he did, and his claims of foul were ignored. At the opening of the fifth round Smith was entirely weakened and Matthews was not much better off. Still the latter was fully capable of fighting many more rounds—judging from the battle he had some months ago with Brady. Finally, when the people broke into the ring and a riot was imminent, the referee declared the fight a draw and Matthews left the ring. Smith remained there, and his pushers pursued Farrell all about the place, insisting that he change his decision. They finally prevailed upon him to obey their order, and a half hour after his first decision he declared that Smith had won the match. Several wagers were made on the result, and the stakeholders still hold on to the money, not knowing who to pay, owing to the two decisions.

Paddy Welsh of Chicago and Arthur Magusty of Streator, lightweight pugilists, fought to a finish, Marquis of Queensberry rules, in a room at Chicago on June 20. They wore kid gloves, and fought for stakes of \$300 a side and the gate receipts in a cellar on the north side, several miles from the centre of the city. Welsh weighed 124 pounds and Magusty 120 pounds. In the first round, after sparring a little, Magusty got in several heavy blows on Welsh's chest and sides. Welsh at once began short-arm blows that compelled Magusty to fight on the defensive. Welsh's blows were sent straight from the shoulder. Magusty was staggered twice before the first minute had elapsed. Welsh followed up every advantage, and finally gave Magusty a terrific blow on the side of the head that knocked him off his feet. When he arose Welsh delivered several hard hits with both fists. Magusty was bleeding all over the face, his eyes were black, the right one threatening to close, and there were three slight cuts on his forehead. The blows were inflicted on Magusty's head so rapidly that he could not defend himself, and he fell to the ground again. For the fourth time he was knocked down, and when time was called he was bleeding profusely from the nose, and his eyes and face were in a worse condition. In the second round Magusty appeared in fair shape, and again attempted the offensive. Two heavy hits knocked him over, and from that time he was whipped. Welsh gave him a few more hard blows and he fell to the ground again. Magusty attempted to clinch, but Welsh nimbly avoided him. Seven times Magusty fell, and at the end of the second round Magusty crawled on all fours to his corner, tore up his gloves, and gave up the battle.

The following explains itself:

ST. PAUL, MINN., June 16, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor:

DEAR SIR—I write to say that I have for a long time been an attentive and appreciative reader of your valuable paper, and wish to say that it is my belief, and I know that it is the commonly accepted decision of every other just sporting man in the land, that young Charley Mitchell is, without doubt, the most courageous pugilist living to-day, and believe that, second to John L. Sullivan, he is the best man in the field. Now I am an American-born citizen, but I always believe in giving credit where credit is due, and for the reason that he is an Englishman by birth, I think it very unjust indeed that he has been unable to get a square referee, and in many contests where he has defeated his men they have been declared draws, the most of the time because the men whom he has defeated have been Americans. This is a square community up here, and if a decision had been reached against him as I saw in New York while there, the referee would have lost his reputation. I refer to the Mitchell and McCaffrey affair two years ago in New York. I saw that affair, and have thought, as did a large majority of the spectators surrounding me, that it should have been decided a draw at least, as I think by this time it has generally been accepted that this McCaffrey is a humbug of the worst order, working Sullivan up to fever heat, merely to be identified with one so prominent as him for capital sake. When Mr. Charley defeated Burke I purchased your paper as usual, believing that I should be able to read a full account of the battle, but to my astonishment, only found a small paragraph of the affair.

Please, in future, give any man who possesses both merit and pluck a square deal, and in doing so I know you will better satisfy the class who prefer always to see the right thing done, regardless of nationality. Yours respectfully,

EDWARD S. EWAN.

SPORTING NEWS.

TO PATRONS AND PROMOTERS OF MANLY SPORT.

The editorial parlors of this newspaper are always at the disposition of all classes of bona fide sporting men, whether they call out of curiosity, to obtain information or arrange matches. No such offices are to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among their remarkable attractions are championship emblems and badges, magnificent trophies and pictures and other objects of exceptional interest. Not the least notable of these is the celebrated portrait, by the well-known artist, Drohan, of John L. Sullivan, which is a full-length picture representing the champion in full ring costume. It stands five feet in height, and is conceded to be the most striking portrait of a pugilist in existence. Sporting men, in addition to these features, are assured of a cordial and hospitable greeting.

William Johnson and Jack Cunningham are matched to fight with hard gloves to a finish, for \$250 a side, at Silverton, Col.

Durycan offers to match Adele Gould against Billy Butten, to trot somewhere in New Jersey, on a half-mile track, on July 5.

The glove contest between Jack Kilrain and Jack Ashton, at the Metropolitan Baseball Park July 3, promises to be a grand affair.

Dexter B. Goff has sold to Mr. A. C. Vail, of Plainfield, N. J., the bay mare Belle Mitchell, by Flaska's Hambletonian. Price, \$2,500.

Detroit has raised the purses for the 2:27 and 2:25 classes on the Grand Circuit programme from \$1,000 to \$1,250, making the sum total of \$13,500.

Charley McCoy, the clever New York feather-weight, has let the Louisville parties know that sickness will prevent him meeting Tommy Warren until July.

The first eleven of the Young America and Merion Cricket Clubs tried conclusions at Stenton, Pa., on June 19, the champions winning after a sharp struggle by 7 runs.

H. M. Johnson is out in a challenge to run any man in the world from 50 to 150 yards, against any man in America for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. Johnson is living in Pittsburgh.

In the fifth double-scurr race of the New Bedford High School Rowing Association on June 19, William Burbank and Lee Swift were first; time, 13 minutes 13 seconds.

At Philadelphia on June 19, the second eleven of the Merion and Philadelphia Cricket Clubs were contestants in a match at Ardmore, the home team being victorious by an inning and 74 runs.

Joe Higgins, a Lancashire middle-weight wrestler, threw George Travis, a bashful young athlete of Scranton, Pa., twice in three bouts in a catch-as-catch-can contest in this city recently.

John B. Prince, Robert A. Neilson and Wm. Wood-side have signed a contract with the Lynn Cyclist Club to beat 32 minutes in their ten mile race, or forfeit all share in the gate receipts.

The boat race between the Universities of Pennsylvania and Cornell for the Childs Challenge cup is off, the Cornell crew having disbanded. The Pennsylvania crew will row over the course alone.

The double-scurr race at Baltimore, July 17, should prove interesting. Teemer and Courtney will pull together against Gaudaur and Hamm. Haalen and Lee may enter, and Ross and mate are also likely to be there.

The single scurr (three miles, with a turn) at Chautauque Lake, N. Y., on June 19, between C. Knight, of Toronto, and James Griffith, of Buffalo, was won by the former by ten lengths. Bad steering caused Griffith's defeat.

At Lynn, Mass., on June 18, the 18-hour skating race was won by White of Chelsea, who covered 210 miles 3 laps. The other contestants scored as follows: Beauchamp, 208 miles 8 laps; Bartlett, 207 miles 3 laps; Ayers, 204 miles 5 laps.

The field day of the T. F. Toomey Association of Troy, N. Y., at Pleasant Island, on June 14, was a grand affair. The glove contest between Jack Fogarty and Dave Rosier, better known as Hartford Dave, was worth a long journey to witness.

At New Bedford, Mass., on June 18, the benefit to Tom McManus, the pugilist, was a fiasco. George LeBlanche, the Marine, failed to appear, and McManus was advised by the police not to show himself on the floor. Five hundred persons were present.

The Riverside Cricket Club was defeated in Central Park, New York, on June 19, by the Kearney Rangers of Newark, by a score of 73 to 53. Potter, 19, and Worth, 13, made the runs for the victors. Sheridan, 16, was the only double-figure scorer for the Riverside.

J. Quirk and Harry Bethune, the Canadian runners, ran a hundred yard race at San Francisco recently. Bethune led for sixty yards when Quirk went to the front and won by a yard. The stakes are said to have been \$1,000. The betting on Bethune, who was the favorite, was very heavy.

The New York and Staten Island second eleven played in Central Park, New York, on June 19, the former winning by a score of 49 to 34. Jerome made 16 for the winners, and E. D. Crowell 12 for the losers. Thomas bowled well, getting 7 wickets for 17 runs, and was the cause of the New York's victory.

On June 19 the Manhattan Cricket Club of Brooklyn gave the Alma Club of Newark, N. J., a most decisive thrashing at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y. The visiting club scored only 33, not one of the batsmen being able to make double figures. The total score was 130. W. Martin, a promising colt of the Manhattan Club, scored 13, not out, in good form.

At San Francisco recently Frank Lewis and James Quirk ran 75 yards for \$1,000. The betting was decided in Lewis' favor, odds of 10 to 7 being offered freely against Quirk. A splendid start was effected after a few breakaways. Quirk cut out the running, and, opening a gap of one yard at thirty, won easily. The time, 7½ seconds, was taken by reliable timekeepers from the first move.

A. Armour, of this State, recently lost a Gray Eagle mare that was ridden in the rebel army by General Cheatham, who, with his horse, was in the battle of the Wilderness. Mr. Armour was in the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania Keystone Zouaves, and passed through many hardships of war for a boy of 16, at which age he enlisted, but he never had anything to affect him more than the death of this old mare.

The St. Louis Jockey Club ended their race meeting on the 20th of June. The three principal races were as follows: Adolphus Busch Stakes, \$500, for three-year-olds, one mile and one-eighth. Kaloolah won, Macola second, Ada D. third. Granite Mountain Mining Company's Stakes, \$1,000, one mile and one-eighth. Grinnall won, Flora L. second, Buchanan third, time, 1:57¼. Brewers' Cup, \$1,500, 2½ miles. Lucky B. won, Modesty second, Editor third; time, 4:04.

At the Manchester, Eng., Whitsuntide meeting, on June 18, the race for the Manchester cup was won by Sir R. Jardine's three-year-old bay colt Riversdale by a length and a half. Mr. R. Peck's three-year-old chestnut colt The Bard second, and the Duke of Beaufort's five-year-old gray horse Eastern Emperor third. There were ten starters. The race for the Foal stakes was won by a neck by Lord Rosslyn's brown filly Guardiana, Mr. T. Valentine's bay filly St. Helen second, and Mr. E. Weaver's chestnut colt The Rectory third. Time, 1:01 2-5.

The Mystic Boat Club of Newark, N. J., held their regatta on June 19 on the Passaic river. The first race was won by Durand and Darcy, with Daniel Dodd, Jr., as stroke. Time, 6:34. The junior race was won by Brinley and Truesdell, F. H. Glaze coxswain, in 7:18. The four-oared shell race was won in 6:12 by Glaze, Depue, Durycan and Dunning. The fourth race was won in 6:24 by Lawrence, Depue, Winters, Dennis, Durycan, and Johnson, with W. Bristol, Jr., as stroke in 6:24. A foot race of 100 yards followed, with six entries. It was won by W. Bristol, Jr., in 12½ seconds.

Articles of agreement were signed on June 18 at Philadelphia between Dennis F. Butler, champion swimmer of America, and William Johnson, of England. The agreement calls for three races, of one three and five miles each, for a purse of

\$500, the winner of two out of three to take the purse and championship of America. The first race will take place on August 2, the second on August 4, and the third on Saturday, August 7. The first deposit of \$100 is already in the hands of Michael Shay, temporary stakeholder. The race will take place on the Delaware river, the course to be decided upon by July 12.

William Graham, the champion pigeon shooter of America, called at the Police Gazette office on June 19, in regard to shooting a match with Miss Annie Oakley, the champion female wing shot, who has created such a sensation in the West, and who recently challenged Graham or any man in America. Graham recently met with a serious accident and nearly lost his left arm. He was exhibiting some patent wood powder by lighting it on his hand, and it exploded too suddenly and burned the flesh of his hand. He did not attend to it, and mortification set in, and it was all the physicians could do to save Graham's hand from amputation. He notified Mr. Fox that he was ready to arrange matches against all comers.

The ninth annual summer games of the Manhattan Athletic Club came off at the club grounds, New York, on June 19. The winners: One-hundred-yard run, W. M. Fairbridge, of the Brooklyn A. C., in 10 2-5 seconds; 1-mile walk, Lange, of Home Club, in 35 minutes 45 2-5 seconds; 600-yard run, by C. G. Giff, American A. C., 1 minute 14½ seconds; A. A. Jordan, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, lowered the record in the 150-yard hurdle jumping race from 16 4-5 seconds to 16 1-5 seconds; running broad jump, by J. J. Smith, of the N. Y. A. C., 21 feet 5¼ inches; 220-yard handicap, C. P. Smith, Manhattan Athletic Club, in 27 4-5 seconds; Wendell Baker lowered the amateur record for 125 yards by running in 12 3-5 seconds (old record, 12 seconds); P. D. Skillman, Manhattan Athletic Club, 2-mile run, in 9 minutes 52 1-4 seconds; throwing the 16-pound hammer, J. Van Houten, West Side Athletic Club, 97 feet 9 inches; 2-mile bicycle handicap, C. M. Phelps, of the Harlem Wheelmen, in 6 minutes 53½ seconds. Wendell Baker gave an exhibition 300-yard run in 43 3-5 seconds. The 220-yard handicap was won by J. T. Rhinehart, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, in 27 1-5 seconds; the 1,000-yard run, by C. M. Smith, of the New York Athletic Club, from scratch, in 2 minutes 22 seconds.

Edgar Murphy, the well-known amateur pigeon-shooter, who has been abroad for some months, has just returned home, bringing with him several substantial reminders of his skill. He won six first and eleven second prizes, among which were the Prix de la Condamine, a bronze bust; the Prix de Laguet, a silver group; the Prix de Beaulieu, a bronze statue; the Prix de la Méditerranée, a pigeon set in diamonds, and the Prix des Alpes Maritimes, a silver piece. These prizes were all won at Marseilles, where he killed 9 straight birds at 32 yards, and won the Grand Prix de Cannes, the first time it was ever won by an American. He also killed 42 straight birds at 37 yards near St. Monaca, and was presented with a handsome medal. He states that at Marseilles the boundary line was only 12 yards from the centre trap, instead of 80 yards as in this country. He attributed his success to the coaching of Lord de Clifford, who gave him instructions in snapping at the trap with a rubber cartridge, so as to save the pin, and cautioned him always to use his second barrel in case of accident. The nobleman, he states, can outshoot any amateur in this country. He will visit America within a month, in company with Von Leer Kirkman. McAllister, Philadelphia's crack shot, will then have a chance to show what he can do.

The principal event of the Coney Island Jockey Club Meeting, on June 19, was the Coney Island Derby, one mile and a half. Only three starters came to the post—Inspector B., 118 pounds, (McLaughlin); Ban Fox, 118 (Hayward), and Elkwood, 118 (W. Donohue). In the betting Ban Fox was a tremendous favorite, odds of 2 to 1 being laid on him. Inspector B. was the next in demand at 17 to 1 against. Elkwood was an outsider, 50 to 1 being offered against him. Ban Fox was first away and led from start to finish. Elkwood held second place to the stand, when Inspector B. passed him. McLaughlin made an effort to stretch his overhaul on Ban Fox, but although he drove Hayward to the whip, he did not succeed in reaching the latter. Ban Fox won by two lengths, Inspector B. second four lengths in front of Elkwood. Time, 2:38¾. Summary—A sweepstakes of \$100 each, half forfeit, with \$2,500 added, for three-year-olds, foals of 1885; the second to receive \$500 out of the stakes; ninety-eight nominations; one mile and a half.

J. B. Haggin & Co. b c Ban Fox, by King Ban—Maud Hampton, 118. Dwyer Bros. b c Inspector B., by Belle Palmer, 118 (McLaughlin). C. W. Medinger's ch c Elkwood, by Eolus—Minnie Andrews, 118. Time, 2:38¾. (W. Donohue) 3.

Betting—Two to 1 on Ban Fox, 8 to 5 against Inspector B., and 15 to 1 against Elkwood.

The Princeton College Athletic Association held their annual championship games on June 18, at Princeton, N. J. Results:

The 100-yard dash, five contestants, was won by Griffith in 10 4-5 seconds.

The pole vault, three contestants, was won by Taler, 10 feet 6 inches, which broke the record.

Putting 16-pound shot, four contestants, was won by Cook, 36 feet 11 inches, which broke the record.

One-mile run, six contestants, won by Black, 5 minutes 16 seconds.

The 220-yard dash, five contestants, won by Reynolds, in 24½ seconds.

Running high jump, three contestants, won by Spalding, 5 feet 4 inches.

One-mile walk, three contestants, won by Thompson, 9 minutes 28 seconds.

Throwing 16-pound hammer, three contestants, won by Halsey, 86½ feet.

The 30-yard hurdle race, three contestants, won by Spalding, 19 3-5 seconds.

The 2-mile bicycle race, three contestants, by Stearns; 6 minutes 55½ seconds.

Running broad jump, three contestants, Reynolds, 19 feet 3 inches.

The 440-yard run, five contestants, Hamilton, in 56 seconds.

Tug-of-war, Cowan, Wagenstern, Downing and Forst, of '88, defeated the other team of the same class.

The handsome Peace cup goes to '88.

In the great Yacht race on June 20, in which the Puritan, Mayflower, Atlantic and Priscilla started, the actual racing time is shown by the following table, in which the Mayflower heads the list:

THE OFFICIAL SCORE.

SCHOONERS.

Grayling..... Start. Finish. Elapsed Time. Corrected Time.

Puritan..... 11:10:00 6:35:03 7:25:03 7:25:03

Priscilla..... 11:10:00 6:35:08 7:25:08 7:25:08

Atlantic..... 11:10:00 6:35:12 7:25:12 7:25:12

Mayflower..... 11:10:00 6:35:17 7:25:17 7:25:17

Bedouin..... 11:15:00 6:51:25 7:36:25 7:36:25

Gracie..... 11:15:00 7:10:18 7:55:18 7:55:18

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

Athlon..... 11:15:00 Did not finish.

Cinderella..... 11:15:00 7:06:25 7:45:25 7:45:25

Clara..... 11:15:00 6:46:19 7:31:19 7:31:19

Regina..... 11:15:00 Did not finish.

Daphne..... 11:15:00 7:04:19 7:49:19 7:49:19

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Rival..... 11:15:00 6:49:13 7:34:13 7:34:13

FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I have read of strange decisions, queer rulings and idiotic resolutions being passed by incompetent judges, committees, etc., but the recent action of the Canadian Athletic Association in regard to Robert Larkin of the Emerald Club of Montreal, best on record for five miles on snowshoes, beats everything I ever heard of.

On March 27, 1886, at Montreal, Robert Larkin of the Emerald Club of that city, won a five-mile championship race for a trophy offered by Richard K. Fox, and covered the distance in 32 minutes 18 seconds, the fastest time the distance was ever run in.

Because it was not a Canadian that offered the trophy the stupid and bigoted executive committee of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association at a recent meeting, although affidavits were offered, refused to allow that Larkin made the record.

Who ever heard of such a strange ruling? The idea of an athlete beating all records at a game and because a parcel of jealous noddies do not like the idea of a Canadian running for a prize coming from the United States, try to make believe the winner's performance is not a record.

According to my thinking it does not matter whether the prize in a competition is a silver cup or a wooden spoon if the successful athlete wins and makes the fastest time on record, as long as the judges or officials are responsible persons and are willing to endorse that the full distance was accomplished and the time correctly taken, the performance is a record. All the rules and resolutions of the alleged Canadian Amateur Athletic Association may draft as much as they please.

I think the fastest and the most wonderful short distance running ever known in America was done by Wendell Baker, Harvard, '86, of New York, at Beacon Park, Boston, Mass., on June 15, when he attempted to beat the record for 200 yards.

Baker appeared at the line apparently in the best condition, stripped to his skin, with the exception of a diminutive pair of blue trunks, and brown as a nut. His knotted leg muscles attracted much admiration. Mr. George Goldie, of the N. Y. A. C., officiated as starter.

After the usual preliminary running was finished, places were taken, the starter shouted start, waved his handkerchief, fired his pistol, and in instant the men were off. As usual, Baker took about a foot at the start.

Little by little Baker crept up on his men, amid the hearty cheers of the spectators. At the 100 yards he had passed Wells, and at the 150 yards he got even with Lund, but Rogers was too far ahead and running too fast for him to catch. Such was the excitement that it seemed an incredibly short time before the men finished.

Rogers led Baker by three yards. Lund was almost abreast of the champion, while Wells was a yard in the rear. Amid breathless impatience the crowd listened for the decision of the timers.

After a short consultation they announced the official times as follows: One hundred and fifty yards, 14 1/2 seconds, beating all records hitherto, both English, American, professional and amateur, several men holding 15 seconds' records; 180 yards, 17 1/2 seconds, beating the best world's record, held by L. Junker, (amateur), of London, Eng., April 27, 1878; 220 yards, 22 seconds, beating the best American amateur record, his own, 22 1/2 seconds, and the best English amateur record, 22 1/2 seconds, held by W. P. Phillips, made at London, Sept. 28, 1878.

I understand that competent judges state, under more favorable circumstances, Baker can and will lower the record to 21 seconds.

There is no doubt about the time, as the officials are well known men and experts in this business. They were: Referee, M. W. Ford, Brooklyn Athletic Association; timers, 220 yards, G. A. Avery, Manhattan Athletic Association; W. H. Robertson, Brooklyn Athletic Association; 180 yards, E. E. Merrill, J. G. Lathrop, Harvard Athletic Association; 150 yards, M. W. Ford, referee.

As there was only one timer in the 150 yards this record, though undoubtedly accurate, will not be accepted. If there had been more timers, every record from 1 foot to 220 yards would have been broken or tied.

Baker is well known as a crack runner, from his work at college athletic meetings during the past three years.

He has held the amateur record in the 220-yard dash for two years, 22 1/2 seconds, made at the intercollegiate games, M. A. C. grounds, New York City, May 24, 1884.

In every scratch race for this distance he has come in ahead, taking this event three times in succession at the intercollegiate games against a large field of starters.

In the 100 yards, however, though he has done ten seconds in practice, yet he has never quite come up to the record in a race.

Baker is about six feet in height, slim and very wiry, weighing about 140 pounds. In running he does his cleanest work in the second half of the distance, where his stride is perfection. He is slow in starting, but always passes his men in the 220 yards if tolerably good runners, about 100 yards from the finish, taking the finish easily.

It is a well known fact that nearly every English boxer who comes to this country and amasses a good round sum by American patronage, returns to England on what they call a pleasure trip and never return, but remain in England to spend their money. Pete Morris came over in 1868, made money by giving exhibitions, and went back to England.

Jack Hicks visited this country seventeen years ago, and hoarded up his money. He would take segars when invited to drink, saved them up, and returned to England with a trunk load which he sold in London. He was only returning for a short visit, but he never returned.

Tom Allen of St. Louis fought his way up to the top of the tree in this country, won the championship, and a small fortune.

He returned to England on visit, but intended to remain. Bookmaking, a business he did not understand, used up all his wealth and he returned, and he is now in St. Louis, making money.

Charley Mitchell made a snug sum of money by boxing John L. Sullivan, etc., and returned to England on a visit. He intended to stay, but, knowing he could double his money, he returned and has been increasing his bank account ever since.

Tug Wilson came to this country and in one night, in a match with Sullivan, made over \$1,000. He went back on a visit but never returned, although he promised to do so. Wilson is now keeping a shoe store in Leicester, England.

Alf Greenfield came to America and figured in two glove contests with Sullivan and other boxers, and made quite a snug sum. He went over to England to bring back his family, but

like all the rest, he never returned, but held on to the money he made.

Jack Burke has made between \$17,000 and \$18,000 since his sojourn in this country, and he announces that he is going back to England on a visit. It is needless to say that Burke, on his arrival in England, where he was born, will settle down, and America will see him no more.

Burke has outlived his usefulness in this country. A boxer sprang up in Philadelphia who is now well known in the athletic arena as Frank Herald, who is eager to meet Burke. The latter has offered the Englishman every inducement to box for gate money or for stakes, but having received one prescription from Herald in the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, Burke refuses to take a dose of the same medicine, and many claim that he does not want to risk his reputation by meeting Herald.

It will be Jim Smith's (the English champion) turn to come to this country to carry off American gold and spend it in England. He is to come over after the English racing season. He will make more money than any of the English boxers, because he will land in America as a genuine champion of Great Britain. Smith will meet Sullivan and be knocked out, but will receive a few thousand dollars for the exhibition he will make, and then try the game over again.

It is strange that English boxers can visit this country and make so much money and yet if American boxers go to England they have to work hard to make money enough to pay their passage back again.

If the backers of Jacob Gaudaur, of St. Louis, formerly of Toronto, Can., succeed in arranging a match with Wm. Beach for the championship of the world and \$5,000 a side, the event will create quite a stir in boating circles on both sides of the Atlantic.

Gaudaur's victory over Teemer, the champion, proves him beyond all contradiction to be a first-class oarsman. He was not pushed in any part of the race, and yet when Teemer gave up he rowed the course, three miles, with a turn, in 20 minutes 20 seconds.

If Teemer had not broken down or his right arm became useless, owing to an overstrain, and he had pressed Gaudaur, the fastest time on record for the distance would have been beaten, and Gaudaur would have rowed the three miles and turn in 19 minutes 27 seconds, the time he made in his trial on June 10, two days before the race.

Gaudaur's time is a danger-light for any champion, and it is doubtful if there is a man in the world could equal, let alone beat the performance.

Time is no criterion of oarsmanship, we are well aware, but it must be acknowledged when a man rows a trial on a river or lake in 19 minutes 27 seconds that he can repeat the feat within 10 seconds any time in smooth water, so that by this theory Gaudaur is a worthy candidate to back against Beach or anybody else.

Beach may be a wonder in a shell and able to beat anybody in his own climate and on his own water, but it is doubtful whether he could on the 12th day of June, 1886, have beaten Gaudaur on Lake Calumet, Pullman, Ill.

A race horse like Troubadour, who can run 1 1/4 miles in 2:06, as it is claimed he has done, is good enough to back at the same distance, providing he carries the same weight, against any horse, bar none, and an oarsman who can step in a shell and row three miles and turn in 19 minutes 27 seconds is good enough to back against Beach or any one else.

Although the element of danger in broadsword contests is largely eliminated by the armor, still these sword contests are attended with no small risk. Admiral Seymour, who commanded the British fleet at the bombardment of Alexandria, was present at several of these contests when he was in San Francisco recently. He enjoyed the swordsmanship, but he declared that in real actions he had never seen rougher work done, and he thought the contests should be prohibited.

Duncan C. Ross received the training which makes him so dangerous a rival in mounted broadsword contests in the Royal Scots Greys, one of the British heavy Cavalry regiments, in which he served five years. He has fought all comers in San Francisco for nearly twelve months, and the list of those he has vanquished ranges from an Inspector of Australian police to an ambitious Pan tonale piddler who had fought under Garibaldi. Sergeant Walsh, the only man who has proved to be a match for the Scotchman, learned swordsmanship in the rebellion, serving in the Eighth Missouri Mounted Infantry, and afterward with Sherman in the Atlanta campaign. He has a record of eleven successful sword contests in the city of Mexico.

Harvard College eight are rowing in capital form, and there is not a man in the boat who has at any time rowed in better form now, while in the case of some of the men—especially Nos. 5 and 7—there is a marked improvement over the form in which they were rowing a week ago. Nos. 3 and 4 have also shown great improvement during the past few weeks. The chief fault at this moment—that of failing to row well together—will undoubtedly be overcome when the men have been accustomed to the new arrangement in the boat.

Comparing this year's crew with that of last year, there is little doubt that the '86 crew was a faster crew than the '85 crew is. The crew is about two pounds heavier this year than the '85 Varsity. The stroke used is the same as adopted last year.

In regard to boats, the crew is having some trouble. The boat built for the crew this spring has proved not to be so fast as the shell used a year ago, and it is not decided yet what boat will be used. The '87 class boat has just been fitted up, and is being tried. Either it, or last year's Varsity shell, will be used in the race.

In regard to the report that Yale will protest Penrose, the talk is: "The '86 crew was a faster crew than the '85 crew is. The crew is about two pounds heavier this year than the '85 Varsity. The stroke used is the same as adopted last year." It must be shown that the man's name is in the college catalogue, or, if his name is not in the college catalogue, the referee may demand a written statement from the dean, stating that the man has been a student of the college since the December preceding the time of the race. In the Harvard catalogue for 1885-6, Penrose's name appears in the graduate department in the list of candidates for the degree of A. M. There is no question at all of his right to row.

I understand Johnny Cash, the boxer, who has fought numerous battles in New York, Canada and in the West, is in bad odor, because he did not recently conquer Hugh Sexton, the St. Louis pugilist. An exchange says: "In the end of the tenth round of Cash's battle with Sexton, Cash, although having received but little punishment, left the ring and was followed by one of his seconds, who smashed him full in the face for showing the white feather, and would have given Cash a much worse handling than Sexton had he not been held off by friends.

"Cash's supporters and backers feel very sore, as that worthy was brought here as a square, game fighter and he turned out quite the reverse, relying solely upon a foul blow to win a fight.

"That class of men, either as pugilists or anything else, cannot be a success, and do more harm to square sports than any one else, and the sooner Cash goes away the better it will be for himself and everybody else."

I think the defeat of John Teemer, the champion oarsman, by Jake Gaudaur, of St. Louis, formerly of Toronto, Can., at Pullman, Ill., on June 12, in a race for the championship, will be the topic of discussion in sporting circles for weeks to come.

Newsdealers and subscription agents are particularly requested to send their names and address, on postal card, to Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

LATEST SPORTING.

There has been a match arranged between Mike Conley, of Ithaca, and Harry Umlah, of Elmira.

An English Cricket eleven, captained by the great amateur A. N. Hornby, will visit the United States in August.

Edward Hanlan said Gaudaur would beat Teemer, but he does not state that Gaudaur can conquer Beach or that he can do the trick himself.

Captain Charles E. Gates, of the Chatauqua Wheelmen, will start on a trip to Minnesota, Iowa and other Western States the last of this month.

Tom Sweeney, the pugilist, has opened Thomson's Hotel at Coney Island. He had a grand opening on June 17. It is near Brighton Beach race track.

The "Daily News" says: "Sporting men must admire Frank Herald's pluck. He is willing to box any man in the world eight or ten rounds, bar none. Malahan was a wonder."

W. D. Beck has opened Rye Beach, N. Y., and intends to offer great attractions to the amusement public during the summer. He has engaged Prof. Laroux, the famous aeronaut, to make balloon ascensions.

At the Coney Island Jockey Club races on June 17, Dwyer Brothers' Tremont won the Paddock stakes, three-quarters of a mile, with 112 pounds up, in the mud, in 1:17 1/2. This is his sixth victory to date. He is another Hindoo.

We are pleased to learn that Harry Maynard has opened the Pacific Athletic Club, 103 Sixth street, San Francisco, opposite the Baldwin Hotel. Boxing and wrestling exhibitions will be given, also sword tournaments. Maynard is very popular and will do well.

The Coney Island Cup, 1.3-4 miles, was run at Coney Island Jockey Club meeting on June 17. Only three started, Miss Woodford, 118 pounds; Barum, aged, 120 pounds; Eole, aged, 123 pounds. The race resulted in a dead heat between Miss Woodford and Barum. Time, 3:07 1/4.

The Cornell University crew have been compelled to disband, so that they will not enter the intercollegiate races at Lake George or the Childs Cup contest on the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia. The trouble is owing to want of funds and also to the fact that the four are off and cannot make good time even on Cayuga Lake.

The American Yacht Club regatta will be sailed on July 15, from Larchmont to New London. The Commodore's cup goes to the yacht making the shortest actual time over the course. Two cups will be competed for in the run from New London to Shelter Island by yachts and launches not more than fifty feet long. Any steam yacht enrolled in any yacht club can enter for the cup.

James Keenan, the well-known sporting man of Boston, Mass., has returned from an eight weeks tour through England and Ireland. He called at this office on June 19, on his way to Boston. He said that Jim Smith is quite a likely pugilist, and that he is to come to this country; also Dick Roberts and Wall, the English champion middle-weight. Keenan saw Kelly and Murphy, the New York boxers, and McManus in London, also Paty Sheppard, of Boston, who is in England on a vacation.

The New England Association of Trotting Horse Breeders, formed to advance the legitimate interest of trotting and road horses in New England, was organized at Boston Tuesday. The following officers were elected:—President—General W. N. Tilton. Vice Presidents—C. H. Nelson, of Waterville, Me.; John B. Clark, of Manchester, N. H.; H. T. Curtis, of Orwell, Vt.; George B. Loring, of Salem, Mass.; H. S. Rundle, of Danbury, Conn.; and Henry Bull, Jr., of Newport, R. I. Secretary—S. W. Parlin. Treasurer—John R. Graham.

The Supreme Court at Trenton, N. J., on June 17, affirmed the action of the Monmouth County Quarter Sessions in the case of McLean, the bookkeeper, who was fined for selling pools at Monmouth Park races. This decision will prevent pool selling in any part of the State, as the practice is thus held to be a violation of the statute passed some years ago against gambling, etc., at racing and agricultural fairs. It will be appealed, however, to the Court of Errors, now in session, but owing to a mass of other business now before that tribunal it is doubtful if a hearing will be had this term.

The following explains itself:

To the Sporting Editor: Hereafter when you write about whom I am willing to meet in the orthodox 24-foot ring, kindly state that I want a first-class ticket and not what they call "markers." Mind you, I don't claim to be able to whip anybody, but I am ready to box any man breathing—John L. Sullivan first, if it is necessary, with two weeks' training; McCaffrey, Burke, Mitchell or anybody else on twenty-four hours' notice.

FRANK HERALD.

Formerly Malahan's Unknown.

At Denver, Col., on June 13, the combat on horseback between Duncan Ross and Sergeant Walsh, best in twenty-nine points for the championship of the world, "Police Gazette" rules, attracted five thousand people. Walsh won the points in the first and second attack, and Ross followed as winner in the third and fourth attacks. Walsh won the fifth in a hard slashing cut. The contestants struck seven blows in the sixth, and there was some doubt as to the winner, but the referee gave the stroke to Walsh. Ross said but little, but was beginning to get interested. In the fourth attack the contestants both struck terrible blows at about the same time, but the referee gave the stroke to Walsh. Ross remained while in the arena, claiming that he had fairly won the points, but the referee refused to yield. This all the more aroused Ross, who during all the rest of the combat fought most savagely. The fifteenth attack was an exciting one. Walsh's horse was hard to manage and left the rider unguarded. In order to save himself, the sergeant put spurs to his horse and ran, Ross following in swift pursuit. The sergeant finally succeeded in wheeling his horse, and the combatants again crossed swords. They touched each other's armor about the same time, but the referee gave the stroke to Walsh. In the sixteenth Ross was in short stroke with a clear, sharp hit on Walsh's armor. In the seventeenth the point was won by Walsh, but before the referee gave his decision, Ross, who was holding his sword aloft, struck Walsh a savage blow on the head. Walsh dropped his rein and sword, leaped forward to his saddle, and then fell on his horse's neck. He then fell to the ground in a senseless condition. Assistants immediately rushed into the arena, took off the sergeant's armor, and bore him from the field. Ross, as soon as he saw Walsh fall, leaped from his horse, and insisted on caring for his antagonist. Walsh being unable to appear when time was called, the "Police Gazette" medal was awarded Duncan C. Ross.

On June 19 Joe Kist, the champion aerial diver, for a wager jumped from the bridge at St. Louis. As Kist launched himself into the air, with a spring-like movement of both legs, he rose from the level of the rail and was projected possibly 4 feet away from it; almost immediately did his body follow the curve prescribed by the bend of his extended hands and head downward. His leap had not been quite strong enough to clear the wires running along the side of the bridge and his left foot caught one wire smartly as he passed downward. This threw the body out of plumb slightly, but with one or two quick paddling-like movements of his left arm he regained his true balance. Rapid as the fall was, of necessity, there was no suggestion of speed to one who watched the descent, so true was the balance. The bright red leas laid flatly together extended upward in a line deviating possibly 5 degrees of a circle from the true vertical. The deviation of the body was somewhat more pronounced. The hands were laid together and extended over the head to cut the water and relieve the force of the impact, and the body followed a line as direct as a plumb ball. After regaining the balance disturbed by the contact with the wire, there was no difficulty in making the descent with perfect accuracy. The air current under the arch was not felt, as at that time there was no wind stirring, and the draught was low in power. In five seconds the flashes flashed into the water, and as the body followed there was a sound as thunderous as the unwieldy fall of a ton of stone into a placid stream. Jets and sprouts of water rose to meet the descending form, and following it surged and roared over the place of its disappearance. A few seconds dragged, for the watches on the bridge, but as the panting watchman reached the rail the cap, bobbed to the surface with a serene insinuating duck, and the glowing face of Kist rose unharmed from the depths after eighteen seconds immersion. He wiped the water from his eyes and floating gently gazed from the stream to the point on the bridge from which he had descended. For a moment he made grimaces at the watchful watchman, and then strongly and deliberately swam toward the elevator on the East St. Louis side. O'Toole had made good time, and the clothes were there when Kist arrived in a stiff that had been sent out to pick him up. He was hastily dressed, and having made the leap at 5:45 o'clock, was back in the city shortly after 7 o'clock.

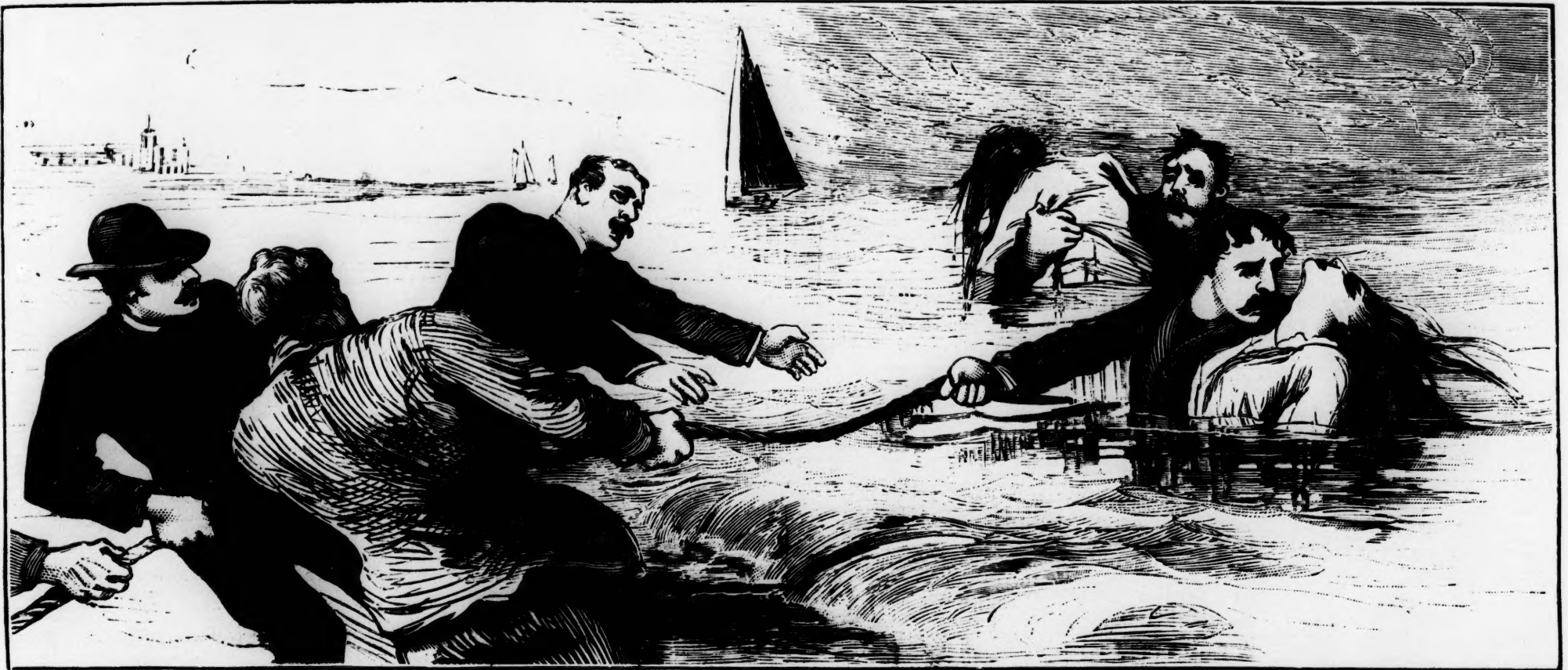
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

I will give a liberal discount and furnish sample copies and advertising matter free to all news agents, postmasters and others who will make a personal canvass of their districts for the POLICE GAZETTE, the greatest sporting and sensational illustrated newspaper in the world. Send for full particulars to

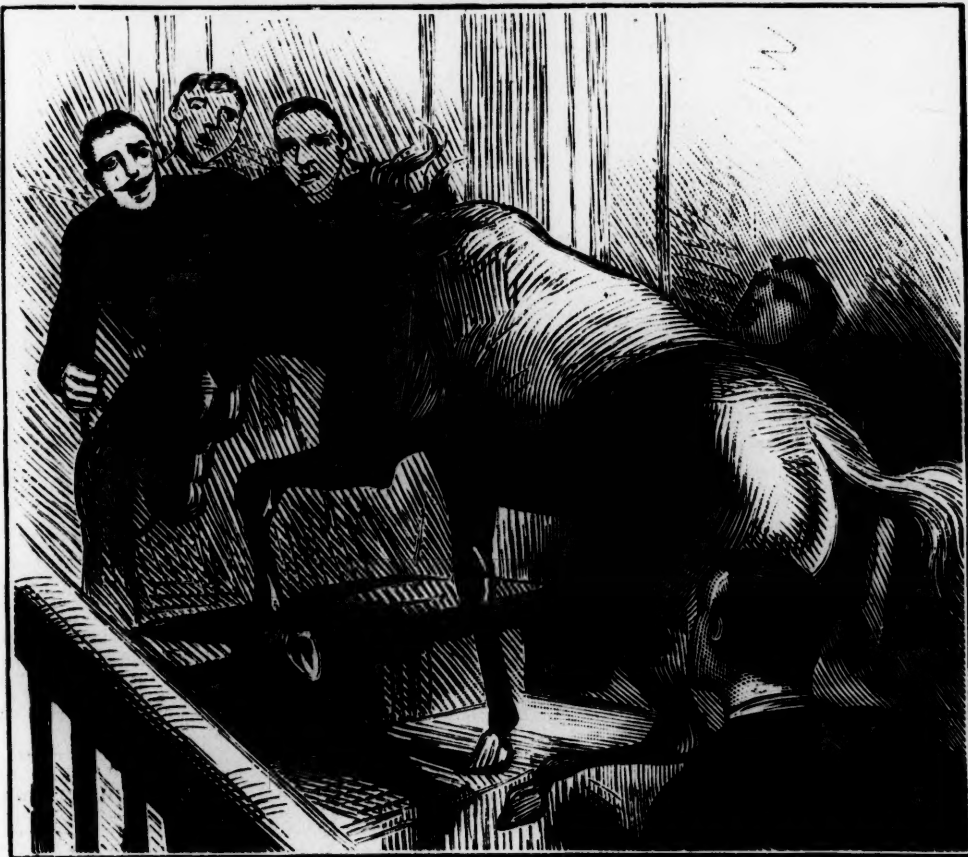
RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

J. K., Brooklyn.—No.
W. H., Braewood.—No.
B. G., Blue Earth.—No.
O. R., New York.—Yes.
S. S., Topeka, Kan.—No.
A. L., Kansas City.—No.
S. W., Robertdale.—Yes.
S. G., Algonac, Mich.—No.
D. G., St. Paul, Minn.—No.
W. G., Sharpsburg, Pa.—No.
S. G., Boston.—Edward Hanlan.
F. S., Allerton, Pa.—1. Thanks. 2. No.
D. B., Dallas, Tex.—Burrut cork is the best.
E. H. J., Silver Plume.—He must take four tricks.
D. L., Concord, N. H.—Have not the parties' address.
P. J., New York City.—Turf Exchange, Louisville, Ky.
B. C., Greenpoint.—1. No. 2. Yes. 3. Send on photo.
C. J. S., New York.—1. It was a draw. 2. Chas. Bowell.
J. P., Bullion, Elko County, Nev.—Ten seconds is the best.
C. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We do not know the lady's address.
B. S., Kansas City.—No. 2. Send on record and photograph.
W. C. S., Amsterdam, N. Y.—See "Sporting Man's Companion."
R. M. B., Stamford, Conn.—We do not know the party you refer to.
D. E., Pottsville, Pa.—The Suez Canal was opened in the fall of 1869.
C. F., Leavenworth.—Jim Fisk was shot and killed on Jan. 6, 1872.
S. W., Chicago, Ill.—1. No. 2. Yes. 3. There is no such work.
E. S., Portland, Me.—1. They are too numerous to mention. 2. No.
D. M., Des Moines, Iowa.—King Cole won the Cambridgeshire in 1838.
J. J., Brooklyn.—If you want your challenge published, send on a forfeit.
G. B., St. John, N. B.—Have not a sketch of the female boxer you name.
H. P., Holyoke, Mass.—1. Goldsmith Maid was a fair and square trotter. 2. No.
G. G., Hartford, Conn.—Bill Davis was the champion pugilist of England in 1764.
B. J., East Liverpool.—1. England has the best equipped and largest navy. 2. No.
M. E., Georgetown, D. C.—Send on 50 cents and we will forward you the book of rules.
L. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—George Rooke was born in Dundalk, Ireland in 1843. 2. Yes.
E. J., Long Bottom, Ohio.—Gold was first discovered in California on March 10, 1847.
D. D., New Orleans, La.—1. No. 2. Write to John Wood, 208 Bowery, New York City.
W. H., Boston, Mass.—1. Time is no criterion of oarsmanship. 2. No. 3. Edward Hanlan.
P. C., Toledo, Ohio.—Edwin Adams, the actor, was born at Medford, Mass., on Feb. 3, 1834.
D. S., Louisville, Ky.—The largest winners on the turf this year will be the Dwyer Brothers.
S. S., Philadelphia.—Send \$1.50 and we will furnish you with the standard works on training.
H. J., Tallahassee, Fla.—Which Equis do you mean? there are two pedestrians of that name.
J. J. McC., New York City.—Write to Prof. A. Austin, care of this office. He teaches boxing.
F. F., Minneapolis, Minn.—Such matter would not interest the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE.
J. N., Gold Hill, Nev.—The President of the United States receives a salary of \$50,000 per annum.
L. M., Fisherville, N. H.—Jumbo, the elephant, was killed by a locomotive at Ontario, Canada, in 1885.
Wellington, Kan.—The Mr. English who ran for Vice President in 1880 was Wm. H. English of Indiana.
A. W., Washington, D. C.—The height of the railway bridge at Niagara river (above the river) is 250 feet.
J. H. E.—Duncan C. Ross, the champion at the mounted broadsword competitions, is in Cleveland, Ohio.
D. S., Boston.—John L. Sullivan and Alf Greenfield first boxed at Madison Square Garden, on Nov. 18, 1884.
L. K., St. Paul, Minn.—You had better stick to your trade, for there are several pedestrians who can defeat you easily.
E. M. O., Grape Creek, Ill.—Fred Douglas, the colored orator, was Marshal of the District of Columbia for eight years.
W. S., Harrisburg, Pa.—Wm. Hodges walked 21 miles in 2 hours 57 minutes 57 1/2 seconds, at London, Eng., March 31, 1878.
S. P., Salt Lake City.—When Charles Mitchell and Mike Cleary boxed at the American Institute the Police stopped the contest.
H. T., Savannah, Ga.—1. You are mistaken. 2. It was Mattie Howard who trotted 20 miles on a half-mile track, in 59:30 1/2.
A. A., Ocala, Fla.—Yes. Paddy Ryan did hold the heavy-weight-championship in 1860. 2. He won it by defeating Joe Goss.
J. W. K., Quincy, Ill.—We would not have time to manage or back you. Apply to some sporting man in the city where you reside.
B. S., North Mississippi City.—It was Eclipse who beat Sir Henry running four-mile heats at the Union course, L. I., on May 27, 1823.
C. M., Seattle, W. T.—John Scannell fatally wounded Thomas Donahue in the post room corner Twenty-eighth street and Broadway, on Nov. 2, 1872.
H. A. G., Morrisville, N. Y.—1. Send 25 cents to this office for "Sporting Man's Companion." It contains all the records. 2. 30 seconds. 3. 10 seconds.
D. S., Holyoke, Mass.—Pool-selling was allowed in New York up to April 24, 1877, when a bill prohibiting pool-selling was passed by the New York Legislature.
J. A., Washington, D. C.—The greatest distance for throwing a cricket ball in America is 347 feet 3 inches, made by J. Von Iffland, at Kingston, Ontario, Oct. 19, 1883.
W. B., Beaverville, Mass.—1. Edward A. Trickett, the Australian oarsman, was born in South Wales in 1851. 2. He stands 6 feet 3 1/2 inches and weighs 170 pounds. 3. Yes.
S. G., Pottsville.—George Hosmer's time for rowing 3 miles, 20 minutes 3 seconds, is the most authentic. 2. Teemer's time, when he beat Hanlan, 3 miles with a turn, was 21 minutes 23 seconds.
H. S., Denver, Colo.—1. A professional runner is one who runs for money or gate receipts or engages in a race with a professional. 2. Yes; a man who starts in a contest and bets money on himself ceases to be an amateur.
D. W., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Joshua Ward was born at Newburg, N. Y., on May 11, 1838. 2. Ward rowed 10 miles on the Hudson, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1 hour 23 minutes. 3. The Ward Brothers were the champion oarsmen of the world in 1870. 4. There are four brothers, namely, Joshua, Gilbert, Charles and Henry.
D. S., Cohoes, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Arthur Norris, the English runner, was born at Brentwood, in Essex, on Feb. 10, 1856, stands 5 feet 6 1/2 inches in height and weighed 134 pounds. Won a mile handicap at Ongar, Oct. 12, 1879; ran second to J. Kirby in a 1-mile handicap at Bow, Dec. 27, 1879; won a 1-mile handicap at Lambeth Baths, Jan. 10, 1881; ran second to T. Roderick in a 1-mile handicap at Chelsea Baths, Dec. 19, 1881; won a 1-mile race at Fenge, July 22, 1881; won a 1-mile handicap at Bow, Nov. 27, 1882; won a 1-mile handicap at Little Bridge, May 14, 1883; took second prize in a 1-mile race at Ongar, Oct. 12, 1883; won a 1-mile handicap at Gravesend, Aug. 4, 1885; won a 1-mile race at Ongar, Oct. 13, 1884; took second prize in a 1-mile handicap at Chatteris, July 8, 1885; won a 1-mile handicap at Tufnell Park, Aug. 3, 1885; won a 1-mile race at Ewell, Aug. 20, 1885.



A GALLANT RESCUE.

JOHN DAGLE AND J. D. SMITH SAVE THE LIVES OF TWO LADIES WHO ARE ALMOST DROWNED IN THE SURF AT ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.



THEY STALLED HIM UPSTAIRS.

HOW PROFESSOR TUFTS OF PHILLIPS ACADEMY, EXETER, N. H., WAS TREATED BY HIS MUTINOUS PUPILS.



IN A ROBBER'S DEN.

THE SKELETON OF WHAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE A MURDERED MAN IS ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED NEAR SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.



A FEMALE HORSE THIEF.

SALOME WHITMAN A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG FEMALE RESIDENT OF LANCASTER, PA., TAKES TO THE PRACTICE OF A MASCULINE CRIME.



SOPHIE EYRE,

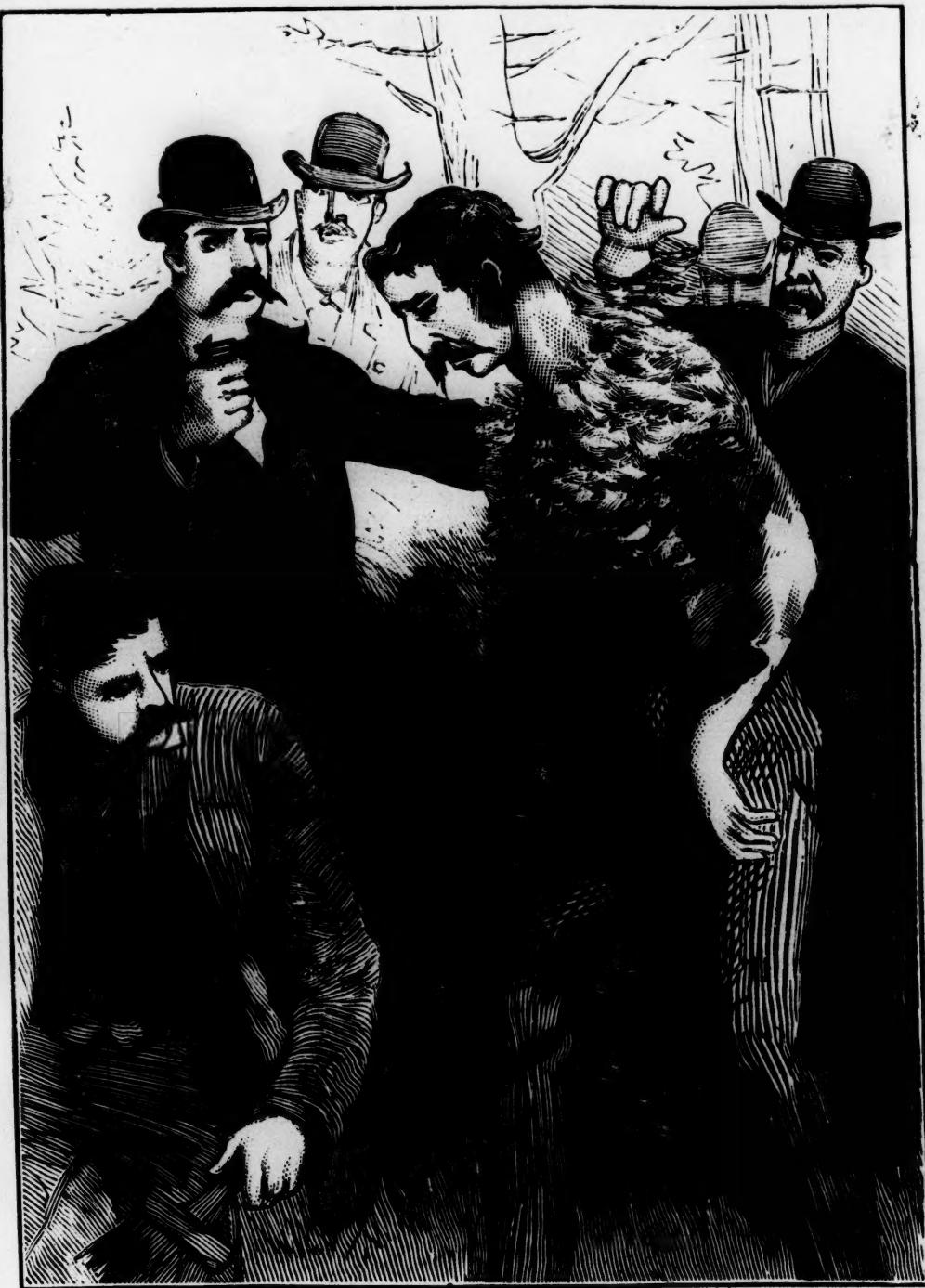
THE PRETTY ENGLISH ACTRESS WHOSE HUSBAND IS SUING HER FOR A DIVORCE.

Unprovoked Wife Murder.

A cold-blooded murder was committed at Terre Haute, Ind., early on the morning of June 18th, which no doubt will result in a hanging. In December last George Bishop, known as a hard character here, married a young woman by the name of Phipps. They lived together but a few weeks, when she was compelled to leave by reason of his cruel treatment. She took refuge in the house of Emma Morey, on West Ohio street. Bishop, learning that his wife was at that place, made three or four endeavors to

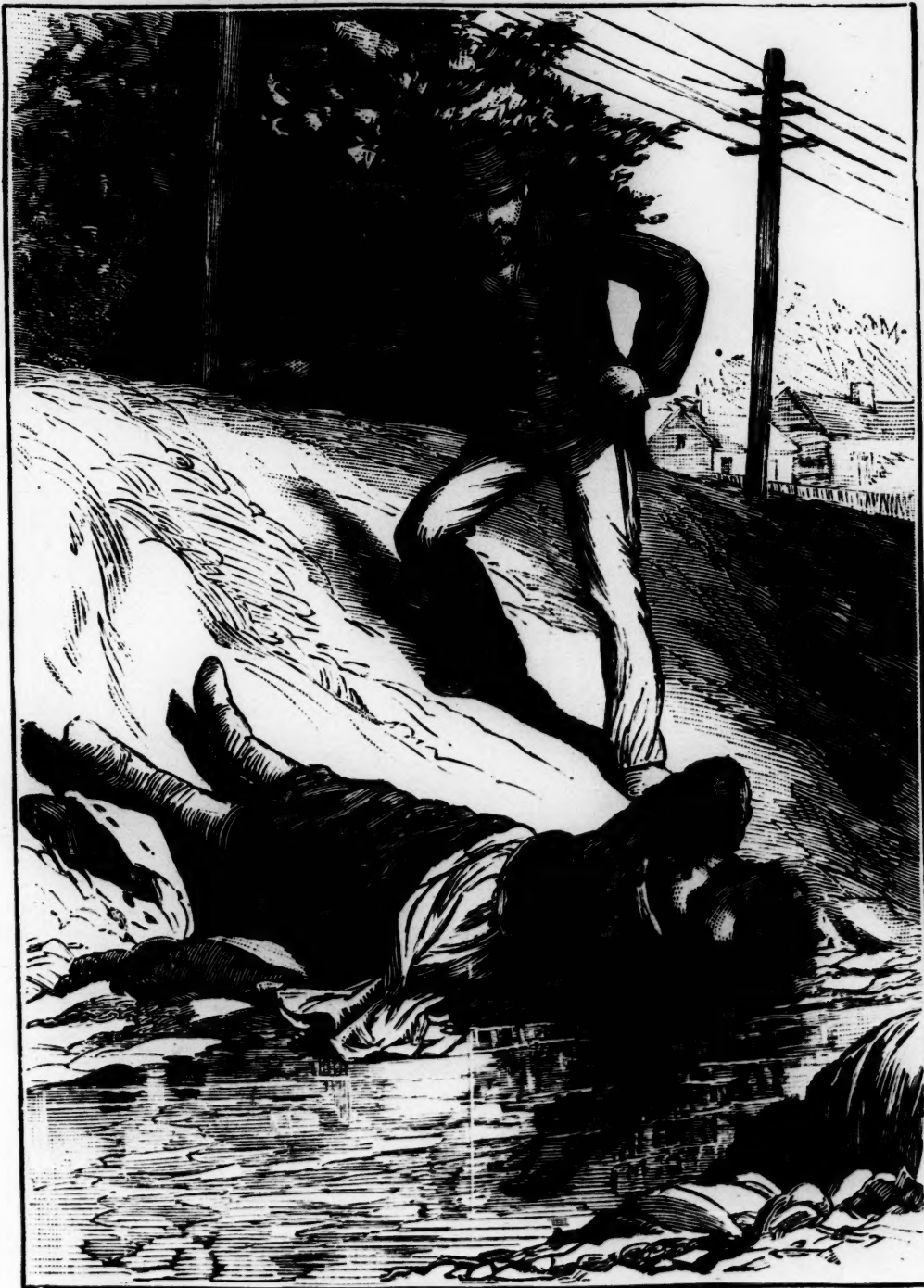
see her, but without avail. Learning that the Morey woman had concealed his wife underneath her bed, he visited the house about 6 A. M., and going in discovered his wife. He asked her if she was going to live with him again, and she replied that he had treated her so meanly she could not live with him. Bishop drew a pistol and shot her in the head, killing her instantly. The police were notified, and succeeded in arresting him at his mother's house about 10 o'clock in the morning and lodged him in jail.

It is the local opinion that it was an unprovoked murder.



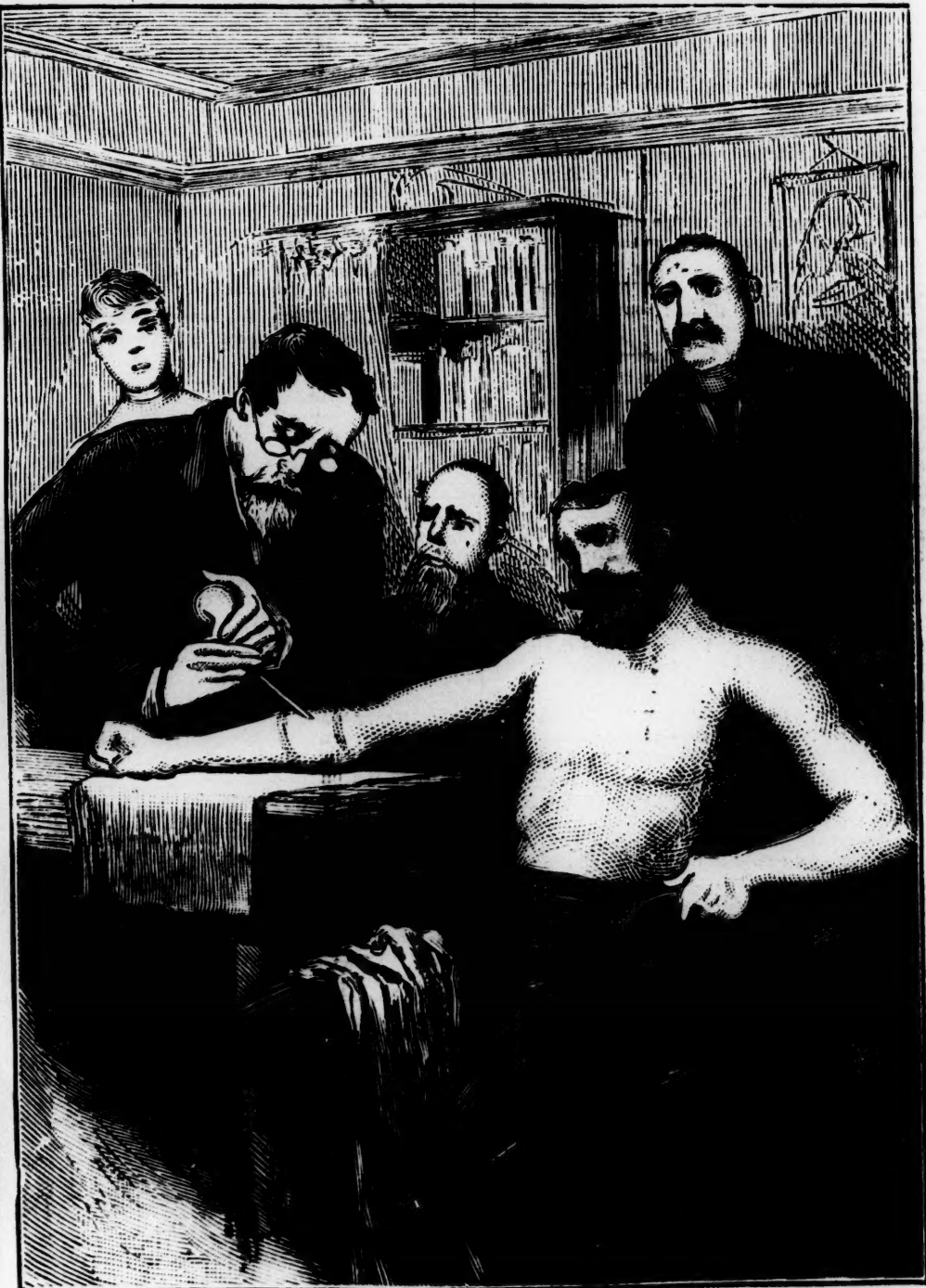
TAR AND FEATHERS.

LAWYER IKEN OF RUSHVILLE, WEST NEBRASKA, ENJOYS A TREAT AT THE HANDS OF HIS NEIGHBORS.



A CRUEL CRIME.

THE BODY OF A LITTLE COLORED GIRL WHO WAS BEATEN TO DEATH IS FOUND IN A DITCH NEAR CAMDEN, N. J.



HE GAVE HIS LIFE BLOOD.

ERIC EGERIS, OF CHICAGO, TRIES TO SAVE THE LIFE OF HIS BROTHER IN-LAW, OFFICER HANSEN.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Latest Notes, Gossip and Comments
Upon Baseball Matters in All Parts
of the Country.



W. S. Roberts.

The portrait which heads our column this week is that of a rising young professional player, who gives promise of making his mark in the baseball arena. He hails from the Twenty-second ward of this city, and is only twenty-three years of age. He commenced his baseball career on the lots at Forty-ninth street and Tenth avenue, about three years ago. The Mounties secured him the moment they discovered his great ability, and he remained with them until this spring, when he was engaged by the Hudson River League Club, of Troy, where he is making a reputation for himself that will in the course of time land him in a leading professional team. If he takes good care of himself and does not allow prosperity to be his ruin, as has been the case with so many other promising players.

Buffington is rapidly losing his grip since he tried to down malarial.

The Rhode Island people trusted in Providence, and now they have no baseball club.

Billy Barnie wants to take a quill and blow up some of his players, as they are badly run down.

It is a big fight now between Cincinnati and Baltimore for the other end of the championship list.

Harry Spence has caught on pretty well at Portland, Me., and he is getting fine work out of his ball team.

Another Sunday has crawled into the professional ranks. The new Sunday is no relation to the old Sunday.

St. Louis does not want the championship, and it is going to be a hard fight between Pittsburg and Brooklyn.

The St. Louis people are growing weary of the style in which they are represented upon the diamond field in the League.

The boys are getting the hang of little Bobby Matthews' pitching and he is getting pounded around in great shape this season.

The Lucas dubs are now looked upon as the League pudding. Whenever a club wants to improve its position, it simply takes three straight of "pudding."

The old plug, George Washington Bradley, has again been turned out to pasture. The Rochesterers had no use for him, as their men are all of a faster class.

Bob Barr is becoming as renowned for his acrobatic acts in the pitcher's box as the famous "Jumping Jack" Jones, who is known from Maine to Oregon.

Smith, the Brooklyn short stop, is himself again, and from the style in which he is playing ball, it looks as though he was more than making up for lost time.

Grace Pearce is looking for an appointment as an official umpire. He does not seem to have the right kind of feeling, however, or he would have caught on long ago.

There is not a man in the business who does not feel sorry for the sad affliction of poor Fred Corey, who is totally unable to play ball with any degree of satisfaction, since the shooting accident he met with last fall.

The Indians have got roused from their slumbers and now they are making war on the American Association clubs and scaping them right and left. Don't be frightened if you see them in the vicinity of the head of the list long before the close of the season.

Tim Murnan is something of a financier. Recently he saved a snug little sum for the Boston Blues, by fixing McLoughlin \$20, and suspending him indefinitely for indiscretion. He was about through with McLoughlin and he took this way of releasing him.

Decker, of the Macons, is now a happy father, and a prouder peacock never trod the soil than Decker was when publicly presented with a baby carriage during a recent game in Macon. Oh! how the girls did admire him, and there were lots of them on the grand stand.

When a man steals a base on Jim Galvin he is always welcome to it, as Galvin pays more attention to the bases than he does to the home plate. In fact he monkeys with the bases entirely too much, as he gives a nervous man cramps in his stomach to watch his antics.

Morris is getting used to it now, as Lewis, Brown and Fennelly have all slugged him for home runs. He don't go home now and cry all night because he got hit pretty hard during the game. Oh! he is wonderfully improved under the able instruction of the "Hustler."

It's funny they all howl about Barr's phenomenal pitching. He did not strike the New Yorks as being such a holy terror, as they pounded him for ten clean hits with a total of thirteen, and beat the Washingtons with the utmost ease. The game was not even interesting.

The management of the Toronto club says that there are no flies on their players and that they are satisfied that the team is strong enough to get away with the International League pennant. They are the only club in that professional organization that has not released a player this season.

Truthful James beats the deck for making promises, but the man that can recall the promise that he has ever carried out is entitled to a house and lot. Jim has a clever way of forgetting little things of that sort. Buffington is still looking for that overcoat he was to get last year for beating the Chicago.

Good for the Philadelphia News! We are glad to see some one think as we do, as they say "Umpire Tunison has been released by President Wykoff. No reason has been assigned for the removal, but it is believed he has not fitted a St. Louis player this season, a piece of neglect that goes unforgiven in the Association."

The Utica management monkey with their players with about as much judgment as the car drivers and conductors do with the city railroad companies. The former blacklists a player one day and reinstates him the next, in order to show their power, and the latter tie up one day and run the next for the same purpose.

There is one thing about the Detroit Club that looks bad, and that is, they are the worst losers on the face of the globe. They are all unapproachable when they lose a game and are worse than so many disappointed sore headed bears. Let them get a streak of hard luck and lose eight or ten games in succession, and if they don't go a.l. to pieces, then we will give up.

It is claimed that Bushong has offered Von der Ahe \$500 for his release. He had better not make that offer to the American Association unless he means business, as they are a bad gang to tamper with, for they would call a special meeting and legislate him out of the St. Louis Club quicker than a cat could lick her foot, if they thought that they could swell their treasury with "Bush's" \$500.

Some people are natural born idiots, and strange as it may seem the majority of this class of hairpins are interested in baseball. They are never satisfied, and only create a disturbance wherever they go. They expect the home club to win every game they play abroad as well as at home. They make no allowance whatever for the uncertainty of the game, and when the home club gets knocked out they begin to befriend indirectly intimate that there was something crooked going on.

The ignorance of some people is amazing. I was standing in front of the Dispatch office the other day when the bulletin announcing the death of John Kelly, the Tammany chief, was posted, and as I turned to walk away I saw two well-dressed young men stop and read it. "John Kelly?" mused one. "Who's he?" I never heard of him; did you?" "Oh, yes, lots of times," replied the other, "he's the baseball player with the big voice and rank decisions. I'm glad he's dead; he never did give the Pittsburg a square deal anyway" and with a self-satisfied smile the tappy two walked away.—Pittsurg Sportsman.

Of all miserable whelps the most contemptible is the man who has nothing to say until after he is kicked out of office and then commences to shoot off his mouth with the expectation of startling the world with the impurities of the concern with which he was formerly connected. Umpire Tunison has been removed from his official position in the American Association and now he is running around giving special interviews to other sore-headed cranks as to what he knows about the inside workings of the American Association and National League. His guff would have had more weight with the press and the public if he had come out with that which he pretends to know some time since, and not have waited until his own head got sore before speaking.

"Sporting Life," the official organ of the American Association, takes exceptions to the paragraph that appeared in the New York Herald, which has been widely copied, and reads as follows: "The firing of Latham and Bushong looks like squeezing \$200 out of President Von der Ahe, of the St. Louis Club, as he cannot afford to be deprived of the services of two of his best men at this stage of the season, with the championship at stake." They fail to see where the "squeeze" comes in on Von der Ahe, as the fines imposed were incurred by these players for a personal fight between themselves and not through any infraction of the rules in the service of the St. Louis Club or for its benefit. Why business have the American Association to dip in their ear and impose such outrageous fines as \$100 a piece? Is there a court of justice in the United States that would uphold the Association in their action? Suppose the Baltimore authorities had arrested these two men for their trifling little scrap. They would not have been fined over \$10 a piece, if they would have been fined at all. Still the American Association hold a special meeting, and in order to swell their treasury Von der Ahe is voted down and the fines are unjustly imposed, with Von der Ahe the sufferer. The players will not pay it, as they know that there is no law that will compel them to do so, and if they are suspended for thirty days they can bring action for their salary. Therefore Von der Ahe is the only sufferer by the deal, and if it is not simply "squeezing" a cool \$200 out of the Dutchman, then we don't know what a "squeeze" is. This is pretty much on the same order in which they inflicted a fine of \$500 on Jim Mutrie for transferring Keefe and Esterbrook from the Metropolitans to the New Yorks, and the five hundred was "squeezed" out of the Metropolitan Exhibition Company. Mutrie had not violated any of the Association rules, but he had committed a graver offence, as he had outwitted them, which was, in reality, the cause of the fine. Another specimen of this same kind of dirty work was done in Philadelphia, when these American Association—honest gentlemen—came together and threw the Metropolitan Club out of the Association and divided their players. They struck a snag, however, when they tried their monkey business on Mr. Frastus Wiman. He showed them what law and justice was, and made them crawl like a lot of snakes. Mutrie could have recovered his \$500 if he had had the sand to bring the matter into court, and Bushong and Latham will be bigger clumps than we take them for if they submit to this scandalously unjust imposition. When Sporting Life undertakes to do the whitewashing act, they should not select a surface that is so black that it shows through every coating that is put on.

ADVERTISING MERITS.

The claims of newspapers as to circulation are seldom relied upon, the POLICE GAZETTE, therefore, prefers to allow its patrons to speak on its behalf. The POLICE GAZETTE is sold in every State and Territory in the Union, and is mailed to every established post office in the United States, is subscribed for by upward of two thousand newspapers, who rely upon its columns for sporting news. It also possesses a very large European patronage, being well known from Australia to the diamond fields of South Africa. With such a record of popularity, will it not pay every advertiser to give its columns a test trial trip?

Messrs. G. P. Rowell & Co., the advertising agents of New York, in their eighteenth volume of the American Newspaper Directory, published in 1886, say the circulation of the POLICE GAZETTE is A 1, which gives credit for an average of over One Hundred Thousand.

READ WHAT OUR PATRONS SAY.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.,
JUNE 12th, 1886.
Our advt. in your paper has paid us \$300 per cent. We are well pleased with the GAZETTE as an advertising medium. Respectfully,
T. H. SHASTID,
President Rapid Remedy Co.

SALEM, Mass., June 21, '86.
We find the POLICE GAZETTE the best advertising medium we ever used, having paid us over 500 per cent. on money invested. We can truly say we receive 30 orders from POLICE GAZETTE to 1 from other papers that charged us \$2 a line.
Manuf's Agency, P. L. CALLAHAN.

THE WORLD MANUFACTURING CO.,
No. 122 Nassau Street,
New York, Dec. 17, 1885.
Please continue our 112 line watch advertisement. The price is high, but we are free to say it pays much better than the amount invested in most other mediums.
Send bill for amount due you at any time.
WORLD MFG. CO.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 12, 1884.
I can say that your papers have proved to be an excellent advertising medium.
CLARENCE C. DEPUY.

OFFICE OF TRUE & CO. PUBLISHERS.
AUGUSTA, MAINE, Jan. 30, 1884.
The POLICE GAZETTE has proved of great service to us in our business. Our advertisement, which has appeared regularly therein for some years, brings us letters daily.
We take pleasure in saying that we know, from experience, that it is one of the very best advertising mediums in this country. We include check for another year's advertising.
TRUE & CO.
39 NASSAU STREET,
NEW YORK, Feb. 8, 1884.

The POLICE GAZETTE has proved very satisfactory to me for advertising purposes, in fact, superior to any sporting paper in this country.
W. SCOTT.

OFFICE OF WORTH BROS.
Manufacturers and Dealers in Novelty Goods,
726 SIXTH STREET,
NEW YORK, Feb. 9, 1884.

We wish our advertisements, continued in the GAZETTE. Our continuing the advertisement speaks for itself.
We must say that the money we have invested in advertising in your paper was well spent. We consider your paper the best for advertising, and we know whereof we speak, for we have advertised extensively within the last five years. The proof of a good advertising medium is in the returns the advertiser receives.
WORTH BROS.

SALEM, N. H., Feb. 23, 1884.
Having advertised for several years in the POLICE GAZETTE with highly satisfactory results, we take pleasure in expressing our appreciation of the same.
H. O. BROWN & CO.

OFFICE OF GEORGE T. WILSON,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Novelties and Agents' Goods, 70 North Third Street,
PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 16, 1884.

The POLICE GAZETTE is the best advertising medium I have ever used. My advertisement has brought orders from every State and Territory in the United States, and even from foreign countries.
GEORGE T. WILSON.

An advertiser says: "I do not know where I could pick out a better advertising medium than your POLICE GAZETTE. My correspondence reaches from Maine to Oregon and also Canada, in fact I have letters from every State in the Union. You must have a very large circulation to represent so many States."

LACHINE CHEMICAL CO.,
Manufacturers of Proprietary Medicines,
LACHINE, Canada, Sept. 23, 1884.
You have got the best paper to advertise in.
LACHINE CHEMICAL CO.

OFFICE OF THE MATRIMONIAL REVIEW.
FARMESVILLE, Pa., Oct. 4, 1884.
Some contracts which I had cost me \$60 to \$75, for which I can hardly show up a postal card as an answer to them, although parties swearing to a circulation of 70,000 to 100,000. If the contractors would all have paid as well as the one we had with you, it would be all right.
M. S. WEBER, Publisher.

OFFICE OF THE STANDARD JEWELRY CO.,
Manufacturers and Importers of Fine Jewelry and Silverware, No. 63 Broadway,
NEW YORK, June 27, 1884.
Your GAZETTE pays us well enough to go into on everything we bring out.
L. H. HART.

No. 23 PARK AVENUE,
ALBANY, N. Y., July 9, 1884.
In advertising, I cannot get along without the GAZETTE.
C. H. BREMER.

ALLEN & FERGUSON, Attorneys at Law,
DENVER, Col., June 7, 1884.
We will say that we are very much pleased with the results received from our "ad."
ALLEN & FERGUSON.

DEER ISLAND, Maine, July 23, 1884.
I think it would be of no advantage for me to advertise in any other paper. I do not think I could have selected a better paper in the whole United States to have placed the advertisement in, for I receive letters from all parts of the States—North, South, East and West, from Maine to New Mexico.
MRS. M. PARKER.

OFFICE OF GEORGE W. LEGG,
Advertising Agent,
LATHAM, OHIO, Dec. 10, 1884.
Mr. Beckman said he would continue his "ad." in GAZETTE as it was paying him extremely well, better than any other four papers used.
GEO. W. LEGG.

OFFICE OF LEW H. ANDERSON,
Publisher and Dealer in Books, Cards & Novelties,
CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 5, 1884.
I have been an occasional advertiser in the POLICE GAZETTE for over five years, and can say it is one of the best mediums we ever tried.
Yours truly,
LEW H. ANDERSON.

OFFICE OF THE NOVELTY AGENCY,
ELMHURST, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1885.
Please peruse enclosed order, which will explain itself. This is only one out of many orders we receive from foreign countries in answer to advertisements in the POLICE GAZETTE. We take pleasure in being able to show you that your efforts to place the GAZETTE at the head of all advertising mediums are meeting with wonderful and truly gratifying success. Will send advertisement for next issue.
Yours very truly,
NOVELTY AGENCY.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad are running excursions to Mauch Chunk, the "Switzerland of America," embracing the Glen Onoko, and a thrilling ride over the famous gravity road known as the Switch Back. The route lies through the richest part of New Jersey and the beautiful Lehigh Valley, running along the charming banks of the Lehigh River, and passing through the grand old mountains of Pennsylvania, affording one of the grandest panoramic views of natural scenery in the world. Trains leave Corlandt or Desbrosses Street, with parlor cars attached, at 8:40 A. M., on June 30, July 5, 11, 24, Aug. 11, 25, Sept. 8, 22, Oct. 6, 20, making stops at Newark, Elizabeth and Rahway, placing the round trip at \$2.25. No one should miss this trip.

GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT AND REUNION AT GETTYSBURG.

The Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Pennsylvania, will encamp on the battlefield of Gettysburg July 2, and remain until the 7th. On the 2d and 3d of July the reunion of the Third Army Corps will be held on the same historic field. The encampment of the Grand Army will be largely attended, and the reunion will bring together veterans from every State in the Union. On the 2d interesting ceremonies incident to the dedication of monuments will be held, and on every day during the week something of interest to every old soldier will occur. Never since the memorable days of the battle has there assembled on this famous spot so notable and imposing a collection of veterans as will gather there during this week, and no better opportunity for visiting the battle ground in the company of those who were engaged in the great fight will ever be offered.

For the benefit of those who desire to be present the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Gettysburg from all stations on its lines east of Pittsburg and Erie on June 30th, July 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th, good to return until the 8th, inclusive, at one fare for the round trip.

CURE FOR THE DRAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCUP, 833 Broadway, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

ALL Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham; or, New York by Daylight and Man Traps of New York. A Full Exposure of the Metropolitan Swindler.
New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham.
New York Tombs; its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries.
Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published.
Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World.
Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life.
Spangled World; or, Life in a Circus. The romances and realities of the tarbock circle.
Secrets of the Stage; or, the Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled.
Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America.
James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers.
Their Lives and Adventures.
Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen.
Cupid's Crimes; or, The Tragedies of Love. A history of criminal romances of passion and jealousy.
Famous Frauds; or, The Shams of Society. The lives and adventures of famous impostors.
Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Exposure of its Hidden Crimes.
Bandits of the West. A Thrilling Record of Male and Female Desperadoes.
Great Crimes and Criminals of America. With 24 superb illustrations.
Slang Dictionary of New York, London and Paris. Compiled by a well-known detective.
Heavenly Chimes. His Virtues, Vices and Crimes. An account of the saffron slaves of California.
Gullean's Crime. Full History of the Murder of President Garfield.
Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Gullean's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence.
Crime Avenged. Sequel to the Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer.
Esposito. Lives of Brigands in Europe and America. The mountains of the mountains.
Fast Men of America; or, Racing with Time from the Cradle to the grave.
Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Red Romance of Crime.
Hush Money; or, Murder in the Air. A romance of Metropolitan real life.
Faro Exposed. A Complete Exposure of the Great American Game.
Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year.
Mabelle Unmasked; or the Wickedest Place in the World.
Gotham by Gaslight; or After Dark in Palace and Hovel.
Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Insanity An Excuse for Murder.
Boycotting. Avenging Ireland's Wrongs. A true history of the Irish troubles.
Crooked Life in New York. Sketches of Criminal Life in New York.
"Police Gazette" Annual. A book of Wit, Humor and Sensation.
Female Sharpers. Their Haunts and Habits, Their Wiles and Vices.
Sulicide's Cranks; or the Curiosities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide.
Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.
Murdered by Lust; or How Jennie Cramer Lost Her Life.

SPORTING BOOKS.

The American Athlete, a Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training.
Champions of the American Prize Ring, Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights.
History of the Prize Ring, with Lives of Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan.
Life of John Mace, ex-Champion of England.
"John Morrissey, Pugilist, Sport and Statesman."
"John C. Heenan, with all his Battles."
"The Wilson, Champion Pugilist of England."
"Ed. Francis, America's Champion Fencer."
Betting Man's Guide, or How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations.
Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cts. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA
DRY GOODS.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR!
Lace trimmed a specialty: newest styles, lowest prices. Illustrated Catalogue sent free.
MAHLER BROS., 505 6th Ave., New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line.
Reading Notices..... 2.00 " "
Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday
noon in order to insure insertion in following issue.
The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns,
measuring 14 1/2 inches each, and 2 1/2 inches wide.

ALL ADVERTISING. EIGHT WORDS AVER-
AGE A LINE

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or
Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the
paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.
Cash should accompany all orders for transient
business in order to secure prompt attention.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAN AND WOMAN.

Imported Pictures for Gents. Man and Woman to-
gether; natural as life. Sold in sets of 12 for \$1.10
guarantee them; exceedingly rich and the finest
pictures in this or any foreign market; one set (12),
safely by mail, \$1. LIBERTY SUPPLY AGENT, 80
Nassau St., New York, Room 15, rear building.

FRENCH!

Adventures of a French doctor with his female
patients—a rare book—166 pages of fancy reading, choice
illustrations and 10 male and female illustrations, by mail,
well sealed, 50 cents; 3 books same nature, all differ-
ent, for \$1.10. Mail or express.
T. H. JONES, Post Office Box 302, Jersey City, N. J.



The Magic Reverser. Do
you wish to gaze on the mysteries
of art or nature? Magnifies 1,000
times. Sample, 25c.; 3, 50c.; 7, \$1;
1 dozen, \$1.50; 1 gross, \$10, assort-
ed. Money for agents. Genuine
Transparent Playing Cards, pack,
easily bound, and the "News," one year, or only \$1.50.
Address, N. Y. WEEKLY NEWS, P. O. Box 3786, N. Y.

Send 25c. for 6 very choice sam-
ples, just the kind you want,
Life Cabinets: Male, 25c.; Female, 25c.; Scenes, 25c.;
Colored, 50c.; Set, \$1; 3 sets, \$2; 1 dozen sets, \$3.
18 Photographs of Female Beauties: In cabinet cards,
25c.; 5 sets \$1.00; 1 dozen, \$2.00; 100, \$10.
Card size photographs, actresses in tights, 25c.;
100 Cabinets, 50c. (mailed).

Racy Book for Gents, 61 Illustrations, 35c.
THE SECRETS OF LOLA MONTEZ.
Complete (pocket edition) plain English, illus. natu-
ral as life. Strictly for boudoir reading. By mail \$1.

SPICY! Six beautifully illustrated, fancy, po-
etry, ethical cards, entitled "What Did She
Mean?" "Key Hole in the Door," "Parlor Scene at
11 P. M.," "Hints to Young Ladies Learning the Ma-
chine," "Description of a Nightingale," and "Under
the Garden Wall." Lot, 25c.
Complete samples of all the above goods, \$2.00.
PURCHASING AGENCY, Box 178, Philadelphia, Pa.

SPORTING MEN

HUSH! You Can Get Them. Gents only.
Full pack, 50 Genuine Transparent Cards. "Hold
to Light," "Secret Views: male and female; old-
timers. Mailed secure, 50c. per pack (price reduced),
2 packs 90c. French Photo free every order. Our
unequaled set of 10 Genuine fancy female
photos, from life, for gents' private album. Price, 50c.
PHOTO IMPORTING CO., Lock Box 104, Oswego, N. Y.

TO GENTLEMEN ONLY
An entirely new article, which no gentleman, mar-
ried or single, should be without a single day. It will
last at least a year with careful usage, and can be carried
in the vest pocket. Sent securely sealed with full direc-
tion on receipt of \$1, or six for \$5. R. F. CARON, Box
5, 257, Boston, Mass. N.Y.—This is no humbug.

**"A Night Scene," "Did It For Love," "On
Lucy," "The Spanish Virgin," "The
Night Piece," "A Nymph's Passion," and three
other pieces of poetry, 25c. Sent sealed.**
PHOTOS—Male and Female; best old-timers; beau-
tiful; 4 for 25c.; 6 for 40c.; 12 for 75c.; 25c.
Four highly-colored pictures, LOVE SCENES, 25c.
PARK NOVELTY CO., Box 1, 101, Philadelphia, Pa.

APRIZE Send six cents for postage, and re-
ceive free, a costly box of goods
which will help all, of either sex, to
more money right away than any-
thing else in this world. Fortune
await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free.
TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

French Rubber Goods, Ladies' and Gents'
French Medicated Sponges, excel everything for
convenience. Absolute safety guaranteed. 30 cents;
5 for \$1; 12 dozen.

DON'T BE BASTARD!—Girls and their Doings, 20c.
Vest pocket article for gents, 30c. The Developer,
30c. My Confession, with photo, 12c. Maiden's Dream,
10c. Maid's Best Secret, 10c. Adams St., Chicago.

\$25 will start any person in a new business, and
which will pay from \$10 to \$50 every evening.
No peddling. Cut this out and write at once.
World Mfg. Co., 122 Nassau St., New York.

**Maiden's Dream, Parisian Secrets, Naughty Clara's
Photos and Bachelor's collections of 6 rare and ra-
ry Photos, 35c. HANSON BROS., 152 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.**

GENTS' New Style Rubber Safe, 30c. Rubber Ar-
ticle for Ladies, saves health and promotes happi-
ness, 4c. GARDEN CITY NOVELTY CO., Chicago, Ill.

SONGS 100 Songs 10c., 200 Songs 25c., 500 Songs
50c. no two alike. Agents wanted. Catalogue of
Songs free. H. J. WHELAN, 50 Chatham St., N. Y.

FRENCH Views in Knives, 60c. Before and After
the Bath, Sleeping Beauty, Night of and Morning
After Wedding, 12c. GARDEN CITY NOV. Co., Chicago.

Rubber Safes for gents. 2 for \$1. No circulars.
P. O. Box 534 Philadelphia, Pa.

RUBBER SAFE, 30c. Ticker, 10c. The Teaser,
10c. LOVERS' GAZETTE, Chicago, Ill.

M "25 of 'em, only 14 cts." Cut this out, quick.
S. H. HAWTHORNE, Leesburg, Ind.

A Bashful Man's Wedding Night, 12c.
GARDEN CITY NOVELTY CO., Chicago, Ill.

LAWYERS.

Divorce.—A. Goodrich, Attorney at Law, 124 Dear-
born St., Chicago. Advice free; 18 years expe-
rience. Business quietly and legally transacted.

Legal Advice free. Send stamp for divorce
law of Ill. C. & S., 166 Randolph st., Chicago.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Hall's Magnetic Mineral Rod for locating
any kind of minerals or hidden treasures. This
Rod has been used extensively, and no prospector
should be without one. Circulars and testimonials for
stamp. J. G. STAUFFER & Co., Palmyra, Pa.

THE TURF.

Brighton Beach

RACING ASSOCIATION

WILL HAVE RACING EVERY

Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday

AND ON EVERY AVAILABLE DAY DURING
THE SEASON.

IT IS THE MOST POPULAR TRACK IN THE
EAST, AND GREAT FAMILY RESORT.

The course can be reached by all routes to Coney
Island.

R. ROBINSON, President.
JAMES MCGOWAN, Secretary.
GEORGE H. ENGMAN, Manager and Proprietor.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Huge! Enormous! "The N. Y. Weekly
News," 25 Park Row,
is the largest weekly published. Twelve pages every
week, making 624 pages in a year of sensational
articles, stories, and matters for backwoodmen every
week. Only One Dollar a year. We will send a
genuine Webster's Illustrated Practical Dictionary,
1500 illustrations, 624 pages, nearly 700,000 words, ele-
gantly bound, and the "News," one year, or only \$1.50.
Address, N. Y. WEEKLY NEWS, P. O. Box 3786, N. Y.

TO KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES AND BE ONE OF
THE BOYS, you should have a copy of "Volup-
tuous Selections," including
"The Bride's Confession," "The Wedding
Night," "Over the Transom Door," etc. The
sweetest and juiciest witicism in prose and poetry.
Sent postpaid on receipt of one dollar. Address
JAS. CALLINGTON, Burlington, Iowa.

The Fastest Time Ever Made Running.
Walking, Bicycle Riding, both by amateurs and
professionals; winners of great events on land and
water; baseball and prize ring records, and a galaxy
of sporting statistics is published in the "Sporting
Man's Companion," now out. Price 25 cents. Sold by
all newsdealers.

SECRETS OF NATURE EXPOSED. Book of Nature, a
MARRIAGE GUIDE. Private Guide to Mar-
riage Life, showing (50 ENGRAVINGS) Birth, How,
Why, What, and relations of Sexes. Send \$1. Bill to
PAUL LEE & CO., BROOKLYN NEW YORK.

**"Wicked Nell," 50c.; "Cranky Ann," 50c.;
"Chicago After Dark," 50c.; "Irish Mollie,"
50c.; "Many Secrets Revealed," 50c.; "Vices of Lon-
don," 15c.; all the above books securely wrapped,
postpaid, \$2.00. QUEEN CITY SUPPLY AGENT,
Drawer M, Plainfield, N. J.**

Patent Binders. Containing Four of the
latest issues, for filing the POLICE GAZETTE, can
be purchased at the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House,
Franklin Square, New York. Price, \$1.50 each.

An Old-time Book. A sequel to F. H. Nearly
100 pages with 24 full plate illustrations of male
and female together; 50c. Box 490, Montclair, N. J.

Different Ways of Doing It. with Illustrations, sealed,
for 30c. Address LOVERS' GAZETTE, Chicago, Ill.

Beauty and Pleasure. 50c. Convent Secrets,
10c.; catalogues, 2c. GLOBE CO., Paulsboro, N. J.

Rare Books, etc. Send 2c. stamp for catalogue. C.
CONROY, 10 Duane St., N. Y. Established 1853.

Catalogue for Stamp. Box M, Plainfield, N. J.

ENGRAVING.

RICHARD K. FOX'S
Engraving Department,

IN CONNECTION WITH HIS GREAT
SHOW PRINTING HOUSE,

Furnishes THE FINEST WORK turned out in
America on the most Liberal Terms.

All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended
to. Address,

RICHARD K. FOX,
Printer and Engraver, Franklin Square, N. Y. City

PHOTOGRAPHS.

John Wood, 208 Bowery, New York, can
furnish photographs from life of the champions
and well known sporting men, including Richard K. Fox,
John L. Sullivan, Paddy Ryan, Dominick McCaffrey,
Mike Cleary, Charley Mitchell, Jack Burke, Jack Kilrain,
Alf. Greenfield, Jack Dempsey, La Blanche, the Marine,
and 400 other champions of all athletic sports. Send for
catalogue to J. Wood, 208 Bowery, New York

PHOTOS They all like them and never comp'ain.
Sample by mail 10 cts.; by express 30 cts.
CHAS. HAYWOOD, Detroit, Mich.

Old-Time French Photos of Females from life.
25c.; 5, \$1; sealed. Drawer M, Plainfield, N. J.

Seek and Find: Gents only. 20 Racy Scenes, 10c.
(silver), from life. ROYAL PUB. Co., Boston, Mass.

2 Sensational French Photos (In the act).
Gents only, 25c. stamp. Box 490, Montclair, N. J.

Beaut: unadorned, 16 French Subjects; cabinet size,
10c. and 2c. stamp. ROYAL PUB. Co., Boston, Mass.

**12 Sensational Fancy Photos of Females (no
tights); 50 cts., stamps. Box 257, Newark, N. J.**

SPORTING GOODS.

Poker!—If you want to win at Cards,
send for the Secret Helier. A sure thing. It will
beat old sports. Address H. O. BROWN & Co., Salem, N. H.

LIQUORS.

Whiskey and Gin—only 60 cents a gallon; made
in 5 minutes. Saloon keepers and others enclose
\$1 for recipes and make your own whiskey and gin.
Address P. O. Box 321, Baltimore, Md.

MEDICAL.

Manhood

RESTORED. Remedy
Free. A victim of youthful
impudence causing Prematu-
re Decay, Nervous Debili-
ty, Lost Manhood, etc., having
tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a
simple self-cure, which he will send FREE to his
fellow-sufferers. Address
J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham-street, New York City.

SEXUAL POWER.

Positively and Permanently Restored in 2 to 10 days;
effects in 24 hours; almost immediate relief. No
narcotizing drugs, minerals, pills or poisons, but the
delicious **MEXICAN CONFECTION**, composed of
of fruits, herbs and plants. The most powerful tonic
known. Restores the Vigor, Snap and Health of
youth. Sealed Book free, giving full particulars. Ad-
dress SAN MATEO MED. CO., P. O. Box 481, St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED NIGHT EMISSIONS quickly
and permanently cured. Descrip-
tion of INSTRUMENT, (WORK
NIGHTS,) and method of cure sent free in plain sealed
envelope. Send stamp to Dr. JAMES WILSON, Box
156, Cleveland, Ohio. Mention this paper.

FITS **EPILEPSY** permanently cured
by a new system of treatment. Two
trial bottles sent free. Send for Treatise giving
full particulars. Address, **Epileptic** **FITS**
Remedy Co., 47 Broad St., N. Y.

LADIES

Try the old reliable and you will not regret it. Tansy
Pills are perfectly safe and never fail. Sent sealed
with directions for \$1. Warranted satisfactory.
CATON MED. CO., Box 5257, Boston.

TO WEAK MEN suffering from the ef-
fects of youthful er-
rors, early decay, lost
manhood, etc. I will send a valuable treatise (sealed)
containing full particulars for home cure, free of
charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Modus, Conn.



**MY ELECTRIC BELTS AND SUP-
PENSORY cure nervous Debility, loss
of manhood, weakness of body and
mind, youthful errors, weak back.**
Write for book about my Vigor, free.
Dr. R. YOUNG, 280 Hudson St., N. Y.



OPIMUM Habit, Quickly and Painless-
ly cured: at home. Correspondence
solicited and free trial of cure sent
without investigation. THE HUMANE
REMEDY COMPANY, Lafayette, Ind.

"HARMLESS, SURE AND QUICK,"
COMPOUND EXTRACT OF CUBA, CUBES AND
IRON. Is a certain and speedy cure. Price \$1. By
mail. At the OLD DRUG STORE, 2 First Avenue,
corner Houston Street, and by druggists generally.

SURE CURE.
For seminal weakness, emissions, etc., cured myself
and many others after all doctors failed. Send \$5 for my
course of treatment, which will cure any and all cases.
G. W. TRANT, Room 65, 125 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

YOUNG MEN Address Cleveland Dispensary,
Cleveland, Ohio, for descriptive cir-
cular of treatment (sent night) and method of
curing nightly emissions. Simple, cheap, and never fails

Emissions and Nervous Debility positively
cured in one week by 10-bromine or money re-
funded. By mail, \$2. 10-BROMINE CO., Box 357, Pitts-
field, Ill.

NIGHT Emissions, Nervous Debility posi-
tively and permanently cured. Treatise sent
free. Address Dr. F. B. BRILL, New Haven, Conn.

Dr. Fuller's Youthful Vigor Pills. For
lost manhood, impotence, and nervous debility; \$2,
sent by mail. Dr. FULLER, 429 Canal street, N. Y.

Impediments to marriage removed by using our Ner-
vous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; 6 for \$5, postpaid.
N. E. MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

**Perdizione strengthens, enlarges and de-
velops any portion of the body.** Price \$1. N. E.
Med. Inst., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. (Copyrighted.)

Seminal Weakness and Emissions cured in 8 to 15
days by Rapid Remedy. One package is enough.
Price, \$1. Rapid Remedy Co., Pittsfield, Ill.

Ladies' Safe and Shield, 55c. Gents, \$1. Par-
ticulars, 25 cts., by express. DR. T. DESSMOND, 140
La Salle street, Chicago, Ill.

CARDS.

12 CARDS, entitled: "What Tommy Saw Un-
der the Parlor Door," "The Ticker," "The Nup-
tial Night," "The Adventures of a Newly Married
Couple," "Sparkling in the Dark," "The Baneful
Man and His Experience on His Wedding Night,"
"How to Do It," and five others equally racy 50 cents.
Young sport! Pack (53) Genuine Transparent Cards;
with 2 cabinets of females from life for 50 cents.
Full Mail Gazette, Express, in book form; just pub-
lished, 32 pages spicy reading, 15 cents.
Gents! For your girls; 6 curious teasing love letters;
read two different ways, 10 cents.
Complete samples of all the above for a \$1 bill.
QUEEN CITY SUPPLY AGENT, Box M, Plainfield, N. J.

TOO FUNNY For anything. 15 Spirited
Married Couple in all sorts of Amuse. By mail 25 Cents.
Address WARREN & Co., Brooklyn, New York.

Get the Set of Four Pretty French Girls,
highly colored and in interesting positions, 15c.
per set. ART AGENT, 152 Broadway, New York.

What Tommy Saw Under the Parlor Door Illus.;
rich, 52c. stamps. Drawer M, Plainfield, N. J.

JEWELERS.

D. Keller, 24 John Street, N. Y.
Manufacturer of Medals.
Special designs will be furnished on application. A
large assortment of American Watches in gold and
silver cases. Also a full line of Diamonds at the low-
est cash prices.

The Proper Study of Mankind is Man.
Know Thyself. Just published (pocket edition),
either in English, Spanish or German, a series of lec-
tures addressed to Youth, Manhood and Old Age,
as delivered at the Museum, or to those unable to at-
tend sent free, by mail, to any address on receipt of
25 cents in postage stamps. Address Secretary New
York Museum of Anatomy, 713 Broadway, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Proper Study of Mankind is Man.
Know Thyself. Just published (pocket edition),
either in English, Spanish or German, a series of lec-
tures addressed to Youth, Manhood and Old Age,
as delivered at the Museum, or to those unable to at-
tend sent free, by mail, to any address on receipt of
25 cents in postage stamps. Address Secretary New
York Museum of Anatomy, 713 Broadway, New York.

TOILET ARTICLES.

FACE, HANDS, FEET,
and all their imperfections, including Fac-
cial Development, Superfluous Hair, Birth
Marks, Moes, Warts, Mole, Freckles, Red
Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and
their treatment. Dr. John H. Woodbury,
27 S. Pearl St., ALBANY, N. Y. Est'd 1870. Send 10c. for book

MEDICAL.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

Sufferers from Nervous Debility, Youthful Inci-
sions, Lost Manhood,
BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence
have brought about a state of weakness that has re-
duced the general system so much as to induce almost
every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble
scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctors for
everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the
many valuable remedies that medical science has pro-
duced for the relief of this class of patients, none of
the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During
our extensive college and hospital practice we have
experimented with and discovered new and con-
centrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is
offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds
of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect
health by its use after all other remedies failed. Per-
fectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation
of this prescription.

R—Erythroxylon coca, 1/2 drachm.
J. rubellin, 1/2 drachm.
Helonias dioica, 1/2 drachm.
Gelsemin, 8 grains.
Ext. igneae amarae (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. lepidandra, 2 scrup., les.
Glycerin, q. s.
Mix.
Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m., and another on
going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for
the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the
number three a day. This remedy is adapted to
every condition of nervous debility and weakness in
either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from
imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restora-
tive are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a
short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous
condition to one of renewed life and vigor. As we are
constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry
relative to this remedy, we would say to those who
would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, a
securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully
compounded, will be sent by return mail from our
private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages,
which will cure most cases, for \$5.
Address or call on

NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
44 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

WEAK MEN!

Whose VITALITY is falling, Brain DRAINED and
EXHAUSTED or Power PRIMAVERELY WASTED
may find a perfect and reliable cure in the
FRENCH MEDICATED LOZENGES
Originated by Prof. JEAN CIVILLE, of Paris, France,
Adopted by all French Physicians and being rapidly and
successfully introduced here. All weakening losses and
drains promptly checked. FREE TRIAL: Send ad-
dress, name, and medical endorsements, to, FREE. Consulta-
tion (office or by mail) with six eminent doctors FREE.
CIVILE AGENCY, No. 174 Fulton Street, New York.

CURES GUARANTEED TO MEN

Who suffer from Nervous Debili-
ty, Lost Vigor, Exhausted Vitality,
etc. A TRIAL PACKAGE of the celebrated MARSTON BOLUS,
with Sealed Treatise and Testimonials, sent on receipt of 2
stamps. Marston Remedy Co., 19 Park Place, New York.

NERVOUS, DEBILITATED MEN!
Early Decay, Lost Manhood, Weakness of Body and
Mind, Wastefulness, Spent Effort, etc. Full
restoration. ABSOLUTE SUCCESS GUAR-
ANTEED by Greville Treatment. Valuable Treatise
mailed FREE.
GREVILLE REMEDY AGENCY, 141 Broadway, N. Y.

LADIES.

Send for the French Medicated Lozenge; acts like
a charm; is Sure, Speedy and Safe, pleasant to the
taste, and has never been known to fail. Price, \$2 per
box; extra strength, \$3; well sealed by mail.
WILLIAM SCOTT, 80 Nassau St., New York.

WEAK, UNDEVELOPED PARTS
Of the body enlarged and strengthened. Simple, unfailing
self-treatment. Full explanation, references, etc. sent sealed
free. ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

NOMORE CATARRH. The Great German
Remedy is a positive cure. Free sample
package and book for 4 cents in stamps.
E. H. MEDICAL CO., East Hampton, Conn.

The Sporting Man's Companion, now out.
It is the best sporting reference book ever published.
Contains fast time, prize ring records, turf records,
and every information a sporting man requires. Price,
25 cents.

SEXUAL Weakness and Lost Manhood, quick-
ly and positively cured. Send for our
illustrated book mailed FREE to all afflicted. Ad-
dress, The Clarke Medical Co., East Haddam, Conn.

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 40
to 60 days. No pay till cured.
DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Dr. Fuller's Pocket Injection with Syringe
combined. Cures stinging irritation and all urinary
diseases. \$1. All Druggists. Depot 429 Canal St. N. Y.

PRIVATE Troubles, Debility and Weakness
from abuse or excess. Male or female. Book
free. Address DR. WARD & Co., Louisville, Mo.

VIGOR For Men, Quick, sure, safe. Book free.
Civile Agency, 160 Fulton St., New York.

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

**TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF
CUBES AND COPALBA.**
It is an old, tried remedy for
gonorrhea, gleet and all dis-
eases of the urinary organs.
Its neat, portable form, free-
dom from taste and speedy
action (it frequently cures in
three or four days and always
in less time than any other
preparation), make "Tar-
rant's Extract" the most de-
sirable remedy ever man-
ufactured. To prevent fraud
note that each package has a
red strip across the face of
label, with the signature of
TARRANT & CO., N. Y.,
upon it. Price \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

A POSITIVE
Cure without Medi-
cine. Patented Octo-
ber 16, 1876.
One box will cure
the most obstinate
case in four days or less.

<



A TRANSPARENT RIGG.

BENJAMIN. OF THAT NAME. VAINLY ATTEMPTS TO BREAK A BANK IN FEMALE DISGUISE AT PALMERSTON, ONTARIO.